THE DRAMATIC

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

TASTE.

The ENGLISHMAN at PARIS.

The AUTHOR.

The ENGLISHMAN return'd from PARIS.

The KNIGHTS.

AND

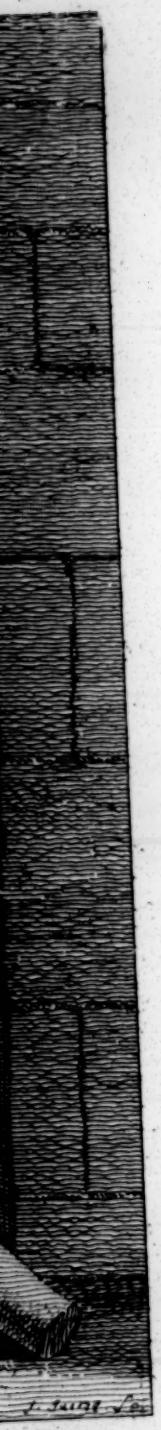
The MAYOR of GARRAT.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, S. BLADON, T. CADELL, and G. KEARSLEY.

[Price bound 1l. 10s.]

1 *Head from* Herculaneum, *whether* Jupiter Tonans, *or* Venus *of* Paphos, *doubted*.
2 *The Foot with the Toes entire, of* Juno Lucina.
3 *The Hand of the* Apollo *of* Delphos.
4 *The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant* Hercules.
5 *The* Caduceus *of* Mercurius Infernals.



TASTE.

A

COMEDY,

Of TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

Be rich in ancient Brass, *tho' not in* Gold,
And keep his Lares *tho' his* House *be sold*;
To headless Phœbe *his fair Bride postpone,*
Honour a Syrian Prince *above his* own;
Lord of an Otho, *if I vouch it true*;
Blest in one Niger, *till he knows of* two.

POPE's Dunciad.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleet-street*; and W. NICOLL, in *St. Paul's Church Yard.*

MDCCLXXVIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

TO

Francis Delaval, Eſq;

SIR,

WHEN I conſider the long Intimacy that has ſubſiſted betwixt us, the Obligations I owe to your generous, diſintereſted Friendſhip, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Neceſſity liſted me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleaſure I can addreſs the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, were I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconſiderableneſs of the Preſent. I thought it worthy their Attention, and conſequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-Plot I could have ſpun out the Piece to the Extent of five Acts; but beſides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the ſingle Object of my Satire, I declare myſelf a

Rebel to this univerſal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claimed the Privilege of occaſioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject Submiſſion of our dramatic *Poets*, is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* ſubjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought preſumptuous in me, to have dignified ſo ſhort a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy*; but when my Reaſons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are conſidered, the *Critics* muſt indulge me with the Uſe of that Title; at leaſt till they can furniſh me with a better. As the Follies and Abſurdities of Men are the ſole Objects of *Comedy*, ſo the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this kind of Writing greatly reſtrained. No unnatural Aſſemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the *Comic* Muſe; Men and Things muſt appear as they are. It is employed either in debaſing lofty Subjects, or in raiſing humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. *F*——, and a Traveſtie of the *Ulyſſes*, where *Penelope* keeps an Ale-houſe, *Telemachus* is a Tapſter, and the *Heroe* a recruiting Serjeant. In both theſe Inſtances you ſee Nature is reverſed; but as I flatter myſelf, in the following Sheets her Steps have been trode with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave

to hope, that though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Addreſs, the Contents of many of our Converſations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Diſſipations the World may ſuppoſe our Days to have been conſumed, many, many Hours have been conſecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the preſent Occaſion will demonſtrate, that Pleaſure has not been always my Purſuit; and, unleſs I am greatly miſtaken, it will ſoon be diſcovered, that, joined to the acknowledged beſt Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the Reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgment of theſe Qualities, in the Perſon of a Man who has honoured me with his Friendſhip, is the ſole Cauſe of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demoliſhes all ſublunary Connections, ſhall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

PREFACE.

I Was always apprehenſive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abſtracted and ſingular for the Comprehenſion of a mix'd Aſſembly. Juno Lucina, Jupiter Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, *with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare ſay, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to ſpeak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the Houſe. But tho' I deſpair of gratifying the* Populum Tributim *of the* THEATRE, *yet I flatter myſelf the* Primores Populi *will find me no diſagreable Companion in the Cloſet,* et ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Deſign was to ſerve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of ſome late Tranſactions, I think the Public vaſtly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORSDALE *have proved ſucceſsful, is intirely owing to the Generoſity and Humanity of the Managers of* Drury-Lane THEATRE; *they have given him a Benefit,*

and

and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, *I have more perſonal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of aſſuring him, that I ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful Remembrance of his Aſſiſtance, Aſſiduity, and kind Concern, at the Birth, Progreſs, and untimely End of this my laſt and favourite Offſpring.*

The Objects of my Satire were ſuch as I thought, whether they were conſidered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deſerved the Notice of the Comic *Muſe. I was determined to brand thoſe* Goths *in Science, who had proſtituted the uſeful Study of Antiquity to trifling ſuperficial Purpoſes; who had blaſted the Progreſs of the elegant Arts amongſt us, by unpardonable Frauds and abſurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by perſuading them, that what only ſerves to illuſtrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleneſs real Buſineſs. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally ſubmitted to the Public.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And ſpoken by him in the Character of an *Auctioneer*.

BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF *appear,*
A Briton *born, and bred an* Auctioneer;
Who for myſelf, and eke a hundred others,
My uſeful, honeſt, learned, bawling Brothers,
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
To lay our preſent, deſp'rate Caſe before ye.—
'Tis ſaid this Night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and ſuch dainty Folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes!
Should this odd Doctrine ſpread throughout the Land,
Before you buy, be ſure to underſtand,
Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,
When Great Ones only purchaſe—what they know.
Why laugh at TASTE? *It is a harmleſs Faſhion,*
And quite ſubdues each detrimental Paſſion;
The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
While thus they rage for — China and Japan.
The Virtuoſo, *too, and* Connoiſſeur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The ſmalleſt Hair their looſer Thoughts might hold,
Juſt warm when ſingle, and when married, cold:
Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;
Their Venus *muſt be old, and want a Noſe!*
No am'rous Paſſion with deep Knowledge thrives;
'Tis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives!

'Tis

'Tis said Virtù *to such a Height is grown,*
All Artists are encourag'd——but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,
I never yet sold Goods of foreign *Growth:*
Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece *or* Rome;
My best Antiquities are made at Home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians *near at hand,*
True Britons *all — and living in the* Strand.
I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
They furnish out my Room from Herculaneum.
But hush————
Should it be known that English *are employ'd,*
Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No Matter what our Countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as Ancients, but as Moderns starve—
If we should fall — to you it will be owing;
Farewell to Arts *— they're* going, going, going,
The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!
Then set Us *up — and knock the* Poet *down.*

Dramatis Perſonæ, 1753.

Carmine,	*Mr.* Palmer.
Puff,	*Mr.* Yates.
Bruſh,	*Mr.* Croſs.
Novice,	*Mr.* Blakes.
Lord Dupe,	*Mr.* Shuter.
Alderman Pentweazel,	*Mr.* Taſwell.
Caleb,	*Mr.* Coſtollo.
Boy,	*Maſter* Croſs.
Lady Pentweazel,	*Mr.* Worſdale.

TASTE.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A *Painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, *followed by the Boy.*

CARMINE. LAY theſe Colours in the Window, by the Pallet. Any Viſitors or Meſſages?

Boy. 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and inſiſts upon Miſs *Racket*'s Pictures being immediately finiſh'd, and carry'd Home——As to his Wife and Children, he ſays, you may take your own Time.

Carm.

Carm. Well——

Boy. Here has been a Meſſage too, from my Lady *Pen*—— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She deſires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it. (*Exit* Boy. Was the Whole of our Profeſſion confined to the mere Buſineſs of it, the Employment would be pleaſing as well as profitable; but as Matters are now managed, the Art is the laſt thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an eaſy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to ſupply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the Colouring of a *Rubens*, and the Deſign of a *Raphael*—— all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the firſt Requiſites, would be uſeleſs; and with theſe, not one of them is neceſſary.

Enter Boy *with the Slate.*

Carm. Let's ſee —— Oh! Lady *Pentweazel* from *Blowbladder-ſtreet* —— Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varniſh* ſhould come, I am at Home. (*Exit* Boy. Lady *Pentweazel!* ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or laſt Paſſion Old Age is ſubject to —— this ſuper-annuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like a Neſt

a Neſt of unfledg'd Crows for Food; and with them, too, gulps down every thing that's offer'd her —— no matter how coarſe; well, ſhe ſhall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Aldermen*.

Enter Boy *with* Puff.

Boy. Mr. *Puff*, Sir.

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of *Rembrandt*'s etching by *Scrape*, in *May*'s *Buildings*; a paltry Affair, a poor Ten Guinea Job; however, a ſmall Game —— you know the Proverb —— What became of you Yeſterday?

Carm. I was detained by Sir *Poſitive Bubble*. How went the Pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Carm. Hum! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting; then we divide juſt One hundred and twenty-three.

Puff. Hold —— not altogether ſo faſt—— *Varniſh* had two Pieces for bidding againſt *Squander*; and *Bruſh* five, for bringing Sir *Tawdry Triſle*.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if theſe People are eternally quarter'd upon us,

us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Bruſh* —— but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Conſequence? He clandeſtinely ſold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, *Carmine*, you are no great Loſer by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of Repair, is the beſt condition'd Eſtate in the County of *Middleſex*. Why now there's your *Suſannah*; it could not have produc'd you above Twenty at moſt, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the ſalutary Application of the 'Spaltham Pot, it became a *Guido*, worth a hundred and thirty Pounds; beſides, in all Traffick of this Kind, there muſt be Combinations. — *Varniſh* and *Bruſh* are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they ſhould partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear! Praiſe be to Folly and Faſhion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant and ſcurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. *Puff*; and, Mr. *Puff*, I have a ſtrange Mind to leave you to yourſelves, and then ſee what a Hand you would make of it —— Sir, if I do now and

then add ſome Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condeſcenſion to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Maſters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my *Suſannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

Puff. Why, thou Poſt-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-waſher, thou—— Sirrah, have you ſo ſoon forgot the wretched State, from whence I dragg'd you. The firſt Time I ſet Eyes on you, Raſcal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in ſcarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea and Chocolate on a Bawdy-houſe Window in *Goodman's-fields*.

Carm. The Meanneſs of my Original demonſtrates the Greatneſs of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius ſoar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouſes, Dogs with Chains for Tanners Yards, Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs for Porridge Iſland.

Carm. *Hannibal Scratchi* did the ſame.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raiſe you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-lane*; the *Gooſe* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's Church-yard*; the firſt live Things you ever drew, Dog?

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff*——you are ſo——

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who, Sirrah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill*; how came you to draw the *Queen* there?

(Loud Knocks at the Door.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's ſake! dear Sir, you are ſo warm, we ſhall be blown—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Pen*——

Carm. Send her to the —— Show her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*——

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you ſee I had not forgot, tho' peahaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a ſmall Time —— Lady *Pentweazel* ſits for her Picture, and ſhe's——

Puff. I have ſome Buſineſs at next Door; I ſuppoſe in half an Hour's Time——

Carm. I ſhall be at Leiſure. Dear *Puff*—

Puff. Dear *Carmine*—— *(Exit* Puff.

Carm. Son of a Whore——Boy, ſhew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces! — very likely Pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady *Fuſſock*— and, ha! ha! ha! Lady *Glumſtead*, by all

that's ugly—Pray now, Mr. *Carmine*, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Uglineſs, and yet preſerve the Likeneſs.

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two Words; where Nature has been ſevere, we ſoften; where ſhe has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very ingenus, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the Whole of the firſt Part of your Skill; and, if you are at Leiſure, you may begin directly.

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourſelf; even Lady *Pentweazel*'s Enemies (if ſuch there be) muſt allow ſhe is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmine*; I have had my Day.

Carm. And have ſtill, Madam. The only Difference I ſhall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has diſtinguiſhed between *Mary de Medicis* a Virgin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. *Carmine*, I vow you are a very judicious Perſon. I was always ſaid to be like that Family. When my Piece was firſt done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I ſuppoſe might be one of *Mary*'s Siſters; but Things muſt change; to be fitting for my Picture at this Time of Day;

ha! ha!—but my Daughter *Sukey*, you muſt know, is juſt married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping*, of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be ſaid nay; ſo it is not ſo much for the Beauty, as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeneſs, I muſt preſerve the Beauty. —Will your Ladyſhip be ſeated? *(She ſits.*

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worſerer Side of the Face than the other—now which will you chuſe?

Carm. The Right Side, Madam — the Left—now, if you pleaſe, the Full — Your Ladyſhip's Countenance is ſo exactly proportion'd, that I muſt have it all; no Feature can be ſpar'd.

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmine*, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam — Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me—your Head more up — Shoulders back — and Cheſt forward.

Lady. Bleſs me, Mr. *Carmine*, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I'm only in Jumps. —Shall I ſend for my Tabbys?

Carm. No, Madam, we'll ſupply that for the preſent — Your Ladyſhip was juſt now mentioning a Daughter—Is ſhe—your Face a little more towards me — Is ſhe the ſole Inhe-

Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty? Or — have you —

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha! — why that's my youngeſt of all, except *Caleb.* I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live born, and chriſten'd —ſtay—don't let me lye now—One—Two—Three—Four—Five —— Then I lay fallow ——but the Year after I had Twins——they came in Mr. *Pentweazel*'s Sheriffalty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben*——in ſhort, I have had Twenty as fine Babes as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyſhip is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thouſand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not ſome Honours to reward ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if Breeding amongſt *Chriſtians* was as much encouraged as amongſt Dogs and Horſes, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandiſh Locuſts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for ſome ſuch Purpoſe is about to paſs, and that we begin now to have almoſt as much Regard for the Propagation of the Species, as the Preſervation of the Game in theſe Kingdoms — Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes—Oh! — that Look, that, that, I muſt deſpair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes: I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at *Windſor*; ſhe has a Siſter at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman—ſhe had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer; that one Eye got her three Huſbands—we were called the gimlet-ey'd Family. Oh! Mr. *Carmine*, you need not mind theſe Heats in my Face; they always diſcharge themſelves about *Chriſtmas*——my true Carnation is not ſeen in my Countenance. That's Carnation! Here's your Fleſh and Blood! *(ſhewing her Arm.*

Carm. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour!

Lady. And yet it has been employ'd enough to ſpoil the beſt Hand and Arm in the World. ——Even before Marriage never idle; none of your galloping, goſſoping, *Ranelagh* Romps, like the forward Minxes of the preſent Age. I was always employed either in painting your *Lamſkips*, playing upon the *Haſpicols*, making Paſte, or ſomething or other——All our Family had a *Geno*; and then I ſung! Every Body ſaid I had a monſtrous fine Voice for Muſick.

Carm. That may be diſcern'd by your Ladyſhip's Tones in Converſation.

Lady.

Lady. Tones —— you are right, Mr. *Carmine*; that was Mr. *Purcel*'s Word. Miſs *Molly Griſkin*, ſays he (my Maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm. As your Ladyſhip has preſerved every thing elſe ſo well, I dare ſwear you have not loſt your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air?

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are ſo polite, that it's impoſſible —— But I have none of your new Playhouſe Songs —— I can give you one that was made on myſelf by *Laurence Luteſtring*, a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady.

As I was a walking by the Side of a River,
I met a young Damſel ſo charming and clever;
Her Voice to pleaſe it could not fail,
She ſung like any Nightingale.
Fal, de, rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bleſs me! I have ſuch a Cough; but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. *Carmine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men——you ſing.

Carm. A Ballad, or ſo, Madam; Muſick is a Siſter Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be aſhamed of our Relations, unleſs they are poor; and then, you know——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman *Pentweazel*, and Mr. *Puff*.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Deſire him to walk up—Mr. *Pentweazel*, you muſt know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngeſt Boy, at the *Bull* and *Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters at School with Dr. *Jerk*, near *Doncaſter*, and comes To-day by the *York* Waggon; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

When Houſe and Land are gone and ſpent,
Then Learning is moſt excellent.

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in ſo material an Article.

Lady. Nay, the Coſt is but ſmall; but poor Ten Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they ſay the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as Pigs. ——Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You ſee, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings. Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your beſt Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm ſure my Family were none ſo awkward. There

was

was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danc'd, Lud! But come, all in good Time——Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

Ald. Pr'ythee, ſweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Maſter ſays he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them faſt enough at Home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well ſaid We now—— If he does, I know who muſt teach him. Well, Child, and doſt remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon?

Lady. Doſt know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what haſt learnt, *Caleb*, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æſop*'s *Fables*, and can ſay all *As in præſenti* by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word—that's more than ever thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been loſt; I queſtion'd the Lad as we came along; I aſk'd him himſelf——

Lady. Well, well; ſpeak when you are ſpoken to, Mr. *Alderman*. How often muſt I——Well, *Caleb*, and hadſt a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company, Mother. There was Lord *Gorman*'s fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People,

People, a Recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey, and I.

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the —— the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and ſo fell out at the Tail of the Waggon; ſo we left ſhe behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; ſo only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, he's all over the Blood of the *Griſkins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings—Now, Mr. *Carmine*, let us ſee if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profeſs they are all ſo handſome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff. I am ſurprized at your Want of Diſcernment, Mr. Alderman; but the Poſſeſſion of a Jewel deſtroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it ſeems impoſſible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmine* is generally ſucceſsful, in this Inſtance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softneſs, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazel?*

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff.

Puff. That Clearneſs and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddineſs and Health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, ſet on Head, full Cheſt, taper Waiſt, plump——

Lady. Spare me, ſweet Sir!——You ſee, Mr. *Pentweazel*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them——Well, I profeſs, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Diſcernment; and if Buſineſs ſhould bring you into the City; for, alas! what Pleaſure can bring a Man of your refined Taſte there!—

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

Lady. I ſay, Sir, if ſuch an Accident ſhould happen, and *Blowbladder-ſtreet* has any Charms——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!——

Lady. It is not impoſſible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in ſuch a Manner as to ſhew our Senſe of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyſhip's moſt——

Lady. Not a Step.

Puff. Ma'am——

Lady. Sir——Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentleman. The very fineſt.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady.

Lady. Sir——Your moſt obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. (*Ex.* Ald. *and* Wife.

Carm. Ha! ha! Well ſaid, *Puff.* What a Calamity haſt thou drawn upon the Knight! Thou haſt ſo tickled the Vanity of the Harradan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double Portion of her Contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, *Puff*, a matrimonial Aſſiſtant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *Sine Cure.*

Carm. No, that you muſt not expect; but unleſs I am greatly miſtaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyſhip's were addreſs'd to you with moſt perſuaſive Tenderneſs.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter——But to our Buſineſs. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promiſed to meet Mr. *David Duſledorpe*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, and Lord *Dupe*, to examine the Pictures, and fix on thoſe for which they are to bid——But ſince, we have ſettled the *German* Plan; ſo *Varniſh* or *Bruſh* muſt attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all Means purſue that. You have no Conception how dear the foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoſo; it announces Taſte, Knowledge, Veracity, and, in ſhort, every thing —— But can you enough diſguiſe the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? a Diſcovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynheer Groningen* blaſts us at once. *Puff.*

Puff. Never fear me. I wiſh you may have equal Succeſs in the Part of *Canto*.

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A Man muſt have very ſlender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that he has been Witneſs to for ten Years.

Puff. But you muſt get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis eaſy enough. Come, hand up here that there *Corregio*; an inimitable Piece, Gentlemen and Ladies: the very beſt Work of the beſt Maſter, Subject agreeable, highly finiſhed, and well preſerved; a Seat for the Ladies; hand it to Sir *Poſitive*; a going for fifty; ſpeak, or it's gone for fifty: Joy to your Ladyſhip: Come, the next. But remember, let your Bob be buſhy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Abſolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Cana* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackſon*'s *Teniers*; and for Buſts, *Taylor*'s Head without a Noſe from *Herculaneum*.

Puff. Are the antique Seals come Home?

Carm. No; but they will be finiſh'd by next Week.

Puff. You muſt take care of *Novice*'s Collection of Medals—he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm. The Coins of the firſt Emperors are now ſteeping in Copperas; and I have an *Otho*, a *Galba*, a *Nero*, and two *Domitians* reaking from the Dunghill.——The reſt we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never failing Chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Carm. Yours, Sir——a troubleſome Fellow, this——confounded Memory——uſeful, tho'——Rounds of Beef and roaſted Pigs! ——muſt get rid of him——Ay, but when? ——Why when?——when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then?——Oh, then it does not ſignify Two Pence.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Puff *as* Monſieur Baron de Groningen, Carmine *as* Canto, *and* Bruſh.

CANTO. COME, buſtle, buſtle. *Bruſh*, you introduce *Puff*. *Puff*, how are you in your *German*?

Puff. I canno ſpeak for *Englandt*, but I can mak underſtand very mightily. Will that do?

Bruſh. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchaſe Pictures for the Elector of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you muſt clap Lord *Dupe*'s Coat of Arms on that half Length of *Eraſmus*; I have ſold it him, as his Great Grandfather's third Brother, for fifty Guineas.

Canto. It ſhall be done ——Be it my Province to eſtabliſh the Baron's Reputation as a Connoiſſeur.—*Bruſh* has ſeen you Abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

Puff. Yes; I was do Buſineſs mightily for Prince *Blantin*.

Bruſh. Your Portraits go firſt, *Carmine*. *Novice*, Sir *Poſitive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*, Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus*, the *Jew* Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the Hiſtory Pieces. — Which are moſt likely to ſtick?

Canto.

Canto. Here's a Liſt.

Bruſh. Huſh, hide the *Eraſmus*, I hear the Company on the Stairs.

(*Exit* Carmine, *and re-enters anon.*

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, *&c.*

Lord. Mr. *Bruſh.* I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Anceſtor.

Bruſh. It is in my Poſſeſſion, my Lord; and I have the Honour to aſſure your Lordſhip, that the Family Features are very diſcernible; and allowing for the Difference of Dreſs, there's a ſtrong Likeneſs between you and your Predeceſſor.

Lord. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All theſe you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Bruſh. Undoubted. But, my Lord, you need not depend ſolely on my Judgment; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to ſurvey, and purchaſe for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indiſputable Connoiſſeur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordſhip. 'Tis a thouſand Pities that any of theſe Maſters ſhould quit *England*. They were conducted hither at an immenſe Expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public Declaration, that all Taſte and liberal Knowledge is vaniſh'd from amongſt us?

Lord. Sir—leave the Support of the national Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?—Does he ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bruſh.

Bruſh. Not fluently, but ſo as to be underſtood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe*—the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taſte, and for well-timed Generoſity, the *Leo*—and the *Mæcenas*—of the preſent Age, deſires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was hear of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuſe, one Precieuſe of his Country.

Lord. The *Dutch* are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occaſions us the Honour of a Viſit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria*.

Lord. Are there any here that deſerve your Attention?

Puff. O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and home Track is fine, and the Maiſter is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. *Canto*, what is the Subject?

Canto. It is, my Lord, St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exorciſing the Devil out of a Ram-Cat; it has a Companion ſomewhere—Oh! here, which is the ſame Saint in a Wilderneſs, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Bruſh. Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordſhip's *Corregio* in the Saloon.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are thoſe, Mr. *Canto?*

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordſhip.

Lord. This, I preſume, might have been a Landſkip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Bruſh. An indiſputable Mark of its Antiquity; its very Merit; beſides, a little Varniſh will fetch the Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—The next.

Canto. That is a *Moſes* in the Bulruſhes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Siſter in the Corner, the Diſtreſs and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, are Circumſtances happily imagined, and boldly expreſs'd.

Bruſh. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the Maſter is alive, and an *Engliſhman*—

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it Houſe-Room.

Puff. Here is a pretty Piece I find ſtick up here in de Corner: I was ſee in *Hollandt*, at *Loo*, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurels all with bruſh Tails ran up de Trees; and there was great Things, vat you call—Pſhaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

Bruſh. What, Goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de Name.

Lord. I ſhould think, by the Cheeſe and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a *Welch* Piece, inſtead of a *Dutch*.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good Piece. I wiſh to my Heart, Lord *Dupes* was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. *Bruſh?* My dear *Bruſh*, am I too late?

Bruſh. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I loſe my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the firſt Time I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haſte than a young Surgeon to his firſt Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Bruſh*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I ſee them, and in a Fever of Deſire till I poſſeſs them.

Bruſh. Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to ſee the Buſts, Medals, and precious Reliques, of *Greece* and ancient *Rome*.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may ſhow him ſomething of greater Antiquity—Bring them forward—The firſt Lot conſiſts of a Hand without an Arm, the firſt Joint of the Fore-Finger gone, ſuppoſed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos* — The ſecond, half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina*— The third, the *Caduceus* of the *Mercurius In-*

fernalis—The fourth, the half of the Leg of the Infant *Hercules*—all indiſputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

Puff. Let me ſee *Juno*'s half Foot. All the Toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff. Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pſhaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maiſter is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de *Hercules*' Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. I believe this *Hercules* was an *Iriſh* Man.

Nov. But where are your Buſts? Here, here, Gentlemen; here's a Curioſity; a Medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the viſible World; there may be ſome under Ground.

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taſte it? It has the Reliſh. *(All taſte.*

Nov. The Reliſh! 'Zooks it coſt me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear Bit, tho'.

Nov.

Nov. So you may think; but three times the Money ſhould not purchaſe it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whoſe Buſt is it that dignifies this Coin?

Nov. The Empreſs *Oriuna*, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might ſhe be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! ſhe was a kind of a What d'ye call 'em—a Sort of a Queen, or Wife, or ſomething or other to ſomebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago—*Mummy* told me the whole Story; but before Gad I've forgot it. But come, the Buſts.

Canto. Bring forward the Head from *Herculaneum*. Now, Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's ſee.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir — the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the moſt perfect Performances of modern Artiſts—Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchſtone for your Taſte!

All. Great! Great, indeed!

Nov. Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear diſmember'd Buſt! a little farther off. I'm raviſh'd! I'm tranſported! What an Attitude! But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike the preſent, priggiſh, prick-ear'd Puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! ſo decent, and ſo

grave, and—Who the Devil do you think it is, *Bruſh?* Is it a Man or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoiſſeurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Phidias*, and others the *Venus* of *Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the firſt, nor handſome enough for the laſt.

Nov. Yes, handſome enough.

All. Very handſome; handſome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who, in a Treatiſe dedicated to the King of the Two *Sicilies*, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and ſuppoſes it to have been fabricated about eleven hundred and three Years before the Moſaic Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare ſwear, true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Buſt; but where is de Noſe?

Nov. The Noſe; what care I for the Noſe? Where is de Noſe? Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe, I would not give Six-pence for it—How the Devil ſhould we diſtinguiſh the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?—The Noſe, indeed! Why I don't ſuppoſe, now, but, barring the Noſe, *Roubiliac* could cut as good a Head every whit—*Bruſh*, who is this Man with his Noſe? The Fellow ſhould know ſomething of ſomething too, for he ſpeaks broken *Engliſh*.

Bruſh.

Bruſh. It is Mynheer *Groningen*, a great Connoiſſeur in Painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man muſt know damn'd little of Statuary, that diſlikes a Buſt for want of a Noſe.

Canto. Right, Sir—The Noſe itſelf without the Head, nay, in another's Poſſeſſion, would be an Eſtate—But here are behind, Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius* without the Horſe; and a compleat Statue of the Emperor *Trajan*, with only the Head and Legs miſſing; both from *Herculaneum*. — This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, *and* Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr. *Pentweazel*, let us have none of your *Blowbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court-End of the Town. This is a Quality Auction—

Ald. Where of courſe nothing is ſold that is uſeful.—I am tutor'd, ſweet Honey.

Lady. Caleb, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir— (*To* Bruſh.

Bruſh. Your Pleaſure, Ma'am?

Lady. I ſhould be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to ſhow the World, that we in the City have Taſte.

Bruſh. 'Tis a laudable Reſolution, Ma'am; and, I dare ſay, Mr. *Canto* can ſupply—Bleſs me, what's that?

(Caleb *throws down a China Diſh.*

Lady. That Boy, I ſuppoſe! Well, if the miſchievous Brat has not broke a—and look how he ſtands—Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle—Leave ſucking your Thumbs. What, I ſuppoſe you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Prythee, ſweet Honey, don't be ſo paſſionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loſs is not great; come, come.

Bruſh. Mr. Alderman is in the right. The Affair is a Trifle; but a twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas! You ſhould have twenty of my Teeth as—

Canto. You mean if you had them—Your Ladyſhip does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the pea-green Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, fourſcore Guineas for the Pair.

Lord. A fine Piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and ſo fell a two in my Hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes, indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen!

Lord.

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly ſet you right in this Affair; you don't ſeem acquainted with theſe Kinds of Things; therefore, I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of it's Antiquity, and enhances it's Value; and theſe Gentlemen are, I dare ſay, of the ſame Opinion.

All. Oh, intirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Ma'am, I never diſpute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taſte; he is a Foreigner, and ſo can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir.

Puff. Madam, I love to ſerve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was ſee ſuch another Piece ſell at *Amſterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother! — Father! Never ſtir if that Gentleman ben't the ſame that we ſee'd at the Painting Man's, that was ſo zivil to Mother, only he has got a black Wig on, and ſpeaks outlandiſh. I'll be fur enough if it en't a May-game.

Lady.

Lady. Hey! Let me die but the Boy's in the right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. *Puff*, that we ſaw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever ſaw. *Caleb* is right; ſome Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wiſh it was. *(Aſide.)* I no underſtand.

Canto. So, Maſter *Puff*, you are caught. *(Aſide.*

Lord. This is a moſt unfortunate old Lady. —Ma'am, you are here under another Miſtake. This is Mynheer Baron *de*—

Lady. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, becauſe we live in the City, we can't ſee?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can gueſs. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maiſter *Canto* mightily.

Nov. Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I ſee the Dog will be detected, and now is my Time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roaſting Pigs. *(Aſide.)* I can't ſay I ever ſaw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

Lord. The Fellow is an Impoſtor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the *Rhine*; pray, how ſhould you like walking into the *Thames?*

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The Raſcal complain'd but now that the Buſt wanted

wanted a Noſe; ſuppoſe we were to ſupply the Deficiency with his?

Lord. But Juſtice, Mr. *Novice.*

Canto. Great Raſcal, indeed, Gentlemen! If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in theſe Aſſemblies, adieu to all moral Honeſty. I think an Example ſhould be made of him. But, were I to adviſe, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the preſent Company.

All. Away with him—

Puff. Hands off. If I muſt ſuffer, it ſhall not be ſingly. Here is the obſequious Mr. *Bruſh*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, ſhall be the Partners of my Diſtreſs. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Abſurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuoſi, you Connoiſſeurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publiſhing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchleſs Impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here, the *Delatanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mæcenas*, the *Petronius*, notwithſtanding his exquiſite Taſte, has been drawn in to purchaſe, at an immenſe Expence, a Cart-load of—Rubbiſh!

Lord.

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies — I have the Honour to take my Leave.

Puff. Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient—When ſhall I ſend you your *Corregio*, your St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

Lord. Raſcal! (*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Tho' my Lord has not Spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my ſprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna*.—It has the Reliſh; an indiſputable Antique; being a *Briſtol* Farthing, coin'd by a Soap-Boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Caſh, and purchaſed for two Pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff.* Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My *Oriuna* a *Briſtol* Farthing!

Puff. Moſt aſſuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged. (*Going.*

Puff. Stay, ſtay, and take your Buſt, my ſweet Squire; your *Serapis*. Two Heads, they ſay, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! ſo decent, and ſo—ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Noſe, I would not give Six-pence for it—Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I ſhall live to ſee you hang'd, you Dog. (*Exit.*

Puff.

Puff. Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!—Now, Madam, to your Ladyſhip I come; to whoſe Diſcernment, aided by the Sagacity of your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Diſcovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuſe my Lady. I am one of the——

Puff. *Quorum*—I know it, Mr. Alderman; but I mean to ſerve your Worſhip by humbling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not ſtay to hear the Raſcality of the Fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady *Pentweazel*, correct the Severity of that Frown, leſt you ſhould have more of the *Meduſa* than the *Medicis* in your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite loſt my City Acquaintance; why, I've promiſed all my Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball, through your Ladyſhip's Intereſt.

Lady. My Intereſt, indeed, for ſuch a——

Puff. If *Blowbladder-ſtreet* has any Charms — Sir — Ma'am — Not a Step — The fineſt Gentleman! ha, ha, ha! — And what can you ſay for yourſelf, you cowardly ill-looking Raſcal? (*to* Canto.) Deſert your Friend at the firſt Pinch — your Ally — your Partner!—No Apology, Sir — I have done with you. From Poverty and Shame I took you; to that I reſtore you. Your Crime be your Puniſhment. *(turning to the Audience.)* Could

Could I be as ſecure from the Cenſure of this Aſſembly as I am ſafe from the Reſentment of *Dupe*, *Novice*, *Squander*; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my falſe Friend, I ſhould be happy.

'Tis from your Sentence I expect my Fate;
Your Voice alone my Triumph can compleat.

FINIS.

BOOKS *printed for* T. LOWNDES.

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24. Beaux Stratagem; Mrs. Leſſingham as Mrs. Sullen.
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26. Oroonoko;

26. Oroonoko ; Mr. Savigny as Oroonoko.
27. George Barnwell ; Mr. Brereton as Barnwell.
28. Tamerlane ; Mr. Palmer and Miſs Hopkins in Bajazet and Selima.
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30. Diſtreſt Mother ; Mrs. Hartley as Andromache, by Sherwin, Vignette by Signiora Angelica Kauffman and Signior Bartolozzi.
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33. Drummer ; Mr. Parſons and Miſs Pope as Vellum and Abigail.
34. Careleſs Huſband ; Mrs. Abingdon as Lady Betty Modiſh.
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36. Earl of Eſſex ; Mrs. Melmoth as Queen Elizabeth.
37. Barbaroſſa ; Mr. Benſley and Miſs Macklin as Barbaroſſa and Irene.
38. Mahomet ; Mr. Benſley as Mahomet.
39. All for Love ; Mrs. Yates as Cleopatra.
40. Jane Gray ; Mrs. Hartley as Jane Gray, by Sherwin ; Vignette by Edwards and Hall.
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44. Double Gallant ; Mrs. Abingdon as Lady Sadlife.
45. Conſtant Couple ; Mrs. Barry as Sir Harry Wildair, Vignette by Signiora Angelica Kauffman and Mr. Collier.
46. Siege of Damaſcus ; Mr. Smith as Phocyas.
47. Theodoſius ; Mr. Wroughton as Theodoſius.
48. Cato ; Mrs. Hartley as Marcia.
49. Douglas ; Mr. Lewis as Douglas.
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THE

Engliſhman in PARIS.

A

COMEDY.

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THE

Engliſhman in PARIS.

A

COMEDY,

In Two ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Eſq.

LONDON,

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-Street*, in the *Strand*. MDCCLXIII.

MY Bookſeller informs me, that the Bulk of his Readers, regarding in a Work of this Kind the Quantity more than the Quality, will not be contented without an additional half Sheet; and he apprehends that a ſhort Dedication will anſwer the Purpoſe.

BUT as I have no Obligations to any great Man or Woman in this Country, and as I will take Care that no Production of mine ſhall want their Patronage, I don't know any Perſon whoſe good Offices I ſo much ſtood in need of as my Bookſeller's: Therefore, Mr. VAILLANT, I think myſelf obliged to you for the Correctneſs of the Preſs, the Beauty of the Type, and the Goodneſs of the Paper, with which you have decorated this Work of

Your humble Servant,

PALL-MALL, April 21,
1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

PROLOGUE,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. *TO contradict me!—Blockhead! Ideot! Fool! Sot!*

HE. *But amidst these hard Names, our Dispute is forgot.*
To contradict you I know is High-Treason;
For the Will of a Wife is always her Reason.

SHE. *No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my Pretension,*
And submit to the Pit our Cause of Dissension.

HE. *I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.*
LADIES, —— ——

SHE. —— *Hey! How come you to claim the first Word!*
GENTLEMEN, *my Husband and I have had a Dispute,*
Where the Difference lies 'twixt a Man and a Brute;
Which we beg, whilst the Folks for the Farce are preparing,
You would please to decide, and give us the Hearing.
—— *Hem! Hem!*
After Plutarch *of* Rome! *and* Virgil *of* Greece!
And Iliads, *and* Eniends, *and Authors like these;*
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in Laughter consists the true Essence of Man.
Whilst my Husband ——

HE.

HE.———*Nay, pray let me ſtate my own Caſe,*
And I'll make it as clear as the Noſe in your Face,
That hiſſing in Man preſerves the firſt Place.
To begin then with Critics;—'Tis their capital Bliſs:
Than to laugh,—don't you find it more pleaſing to hiſs?
In this all agree;—Jews! Infidels! Turks!
SHE. *I grant it, ſweet Sir,——if you meant at your Works.*
Yet even 'gainſt that I've a potent Objection;
For every Rule ſtill has its Exception:
Tho' they hiſs'd at your Farces, your Paſquin *and Stuff,*
At your Tragedy ſure they laugh'd hearty enough.
And again, Mr. Wiſeman, regard the World round,
'Tis in Mankind alone that Laughter is found;
Whilſt your favourite hiſſing, ſage Sir, if you pleaſe,
You enjoy but in common with Serpents and Geeſe.
SHE. *And ar'nt you aſham'd—('tis no time to diſſemble,)*
O Critics! theſe Creatures in this to reſemble?
HE. *Not a jot; in this Place 'tis of ſingular Uſe,*
Of bad Poets and Players to reform the Abuſe.
In the Practice, kind Sirs! were I fit to adviſe,
The hiſſing like Geeſe I would have you deſpiſe,
And copy the Serpent,—be ſubtle and wiſe,
But free from his Venom——Well, Sirs! What d'ye ſay?
Is your Judgement——
SHE. *———— Let us wait 'till the End of the Play:*
In the Progreſs of that we ſhall eaſily find,
Whether laughing or hiſſing is moſt to their Mind.
HE. *I'm ſure they will hiſs.*
SHE. *And I hope they'll be kind.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. SUBTLE	Mr. *Collins.*
CLASSIC	Mr. *Anderſon.*
BUCK	Mr. *Macklin.*
FATHER	Mr. *Branſby.*
MARQUIS	Mr. *Uſher.*
ROGER	Mr. *Dunſtall.*
DAUPHINE	Mr. *Stoppelaer.*
Peruke-Maker.	
Gamut, *Muſic-Maſter.*	
Kitteau, *Dancing-Maſter.*	

Mrs. SUBTLE	Mrs. *Macklin.*
LUCINDA	Miſs *Macklin.*

Servants, &c.

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Engliſhman in PARIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. Subtle *and* Mr. CLASSIC.

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but ſtill I ſay that a Frenchman——

Claſſic. Is a Fop; it is their national Diſeaſe; not one of the Qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its Origin to a Foible; their Taſte is Trifling, their Gaiety, Grimace, and their Politeneſs, Pride.

Mr. *Sub.* Hey-dey! Why what the Deuce brings you to Paris then?

Claſſ. A Debt to Friendſhip; not but I think a ſhort Reſidence here, a very neceſſary Part in every Man of Faſhion's Education.

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Mr. *Sub.* Where's the Uſe?

Claſſ. In giving them a true Reliſh for their own domeſtic Happineſs; a proper Veneration for their national Liberties; a Contempt for Adulation; and an Honour for the extended generous Commerce of their Country.

Mr. *Sub.* Why there, indeed, you have the Preference, Maſter Claſſic; the Traders here are a ſharp Set; cozening People; Foreigners are their Food; Civilities with a—Aye! aye! a Congee for a Crown, and a Shrug for a Shilling; deviliſh dear, Maſter Claſſic, deviliſh dear.

Claſſ. To avoid their Exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your Protection.

Mr. *Sub.* Aye! and wiſely they did, who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's Recommendation, and you are ſafe. But where was your Charge? Where was Mr. Buck laſt Night? My Lady made a Party at Cards on Purpoſe for him, and my Ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; ſhe longs to ſee him again.

Claſſ. I am afraid with the ſame Set his Father ſent him hither to avoid; but we muſt endeavour to inſpire him with a Taſte for the Gallantries of this Court, and his Paſſion for the lower Amuſements of ours will diminiſh of courſe.

Mr.

Mr. *Sub.* All the Fraternity of Men-makers are for that Purpoſe without; Taylors, Peruquieurs, Hatters, Hoſiers—Is not that Mr. Buck's Engliſh Servant?

Enter Roger.

Claſſ. Oh! aye, honeſt Roger. So, the old Doings, Roger; what Time did your Maſter come Home?

Rog. Between Five and Six, pummell'd to a Jelly: Here been two of his old Comrades follow'd un already; I count we ſhall ha' the whole Gang in a Se'nnight.

Claſſ. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbaſket the Bruiſers: They all went to the Shew together, where they had the Devil to pay; belike they had been ſent to Bridewell, hadn't a great Gentleman in a blue String come by and releas'd them.—I hear Maſter's Bell; do, Maſter Claſſic, ſtep up and talk to 'un; he's now ſober, and may hearken to Reaſon.

Claſſ. I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of the Way. [*Exit.* Claſſic.

Mr. *Sub.* I ſhall talk a little with the Tradeſmen. A ſmoaky Fellow this Claſſic; but if Lucinda plays her Cards well, we have not much to fear from that Quarter: Contradiction ſeems to be the Life and Soul of young Buck.—A tolerable Expedition this,

if it ſucceeds. — Fleece the Younker! — 'Pſhaw, that's a Thing of Courſe!—but by his Means to get rid of Lucinda, and ſecurely pocket her Patrimony; aye! that indeed——

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the Plot? Does the Girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. *Sub.* A little ſqueamiſh at firſt; but I have open'd her Eyes. Never fear, my Dear, ſooner or later Women will attend to their Intereſt.

Mr. *Sub.* Their intereſt! aye, that's true; but conſider, my Dear, how deeply our own Intereſt is concern'd, and let that quicken your Zeal.

Mrs. *Sub.* D'ye think I am blind? But the Girl has got ſuch whimſical Notions of Honour, and is withal ſo decent and modeſt: I wonder where the Deuce ſhe got it; I am ſure it was not in my Houſe.

Mr. *Sub.* How does ſhe like Buck's Perſon?

Mrs. *Sub.* Well enough! But prithee, Huſband, leave her to my Management, and conſider we have more Irons in the Fire than one. Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet Madam de Farde to Night,——and where to put 'em, unleſs we can have Buck's Apartment; Oh! by the bye, has Count Cog

ſent

ſent you your Share out of Mr. Puntwell's Loſings a Thurſday?

Mr *Sub.* I intend calling on him this Morning.

Mrs. *Sub.* Don't fail! He's a ſlippery Chap you know.

Mr. *Sub.* There's no fear. Well, but our pretty Countrywoman lays about her handſomely; Ha! —— Hearts by Hundreds! Hum!

Mrs. *Sub.* Aye! that's a noble Prize, if we could but manage her; but ſhe's ſo indiſcreet, that ſhe'll be blown before we have made half our Market. I am this Morning to give Audience on her Score, to two Counts and a foreign Miniſter.

Mr. *Sub.* Then ſtrike whilſt the Iron's hot: But they'll be here before I can talk to my People; ſend 'em in prithee.

Enter Tradeſmen.

Mr. *Sub.* So, Gentlemen; Oh! huſh! we are interrupted: If they aſk for your Bills, you have left them at Home.

Enter Buck, Claſſic, *and* Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Maſter Subtle, how do'ſt, old Buck, hey? Give's thy

thy Paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with ſhe? Hum!

Mr. *Sub.* What has been the Matter, Squire? Your Face ſeems a little in Deſhabille.

Buck. A Touch of the Times, old Boy! a ſmall Skirmiſh; after I was down tho', a Set of cowardly Sons of —; there's George and I will box any five for their Sum.

Mr. *Sub.* But how happen'd it? The French are generally civil to Strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall ſeven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! Ecod we had the whole Houſe upon us at laſt.

Mr. *Sub.* But what had you done?

Buck. Done! why nothing at all! But Wounds how the Powder flew about, and the Monſieurs ſcour'd.

Mr. *Sub.* But what Offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine: laſt Night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbaſket and I were walking through one of their Rues I think they call them here, they are Streets in London; but they have ſuch deviliſh out-of-the-way Names for Things, that there is no remembering them; ſo we ſee Crowds of People going into a Houſe, and Comedy paſted over the Door; in we troop'd with the reſt, paid our Caſh, and ſat down on the Stage; preſently they had a Dance; and one of the young Women with long Hair trailing

trailing behind her, ſtood with her Back to a Rail, juſt by me: Ecod what does me! for nothing in the World but a Joke, as I hope for Mercy, but ties her Locks to the Rail; ſo when 'twas her turn to figure out, ſouſe ſhe flapp'd on her Back; 'twas deviliſh comical, but they ſet up ſuch an Uproar: one whey-fac'd Son of a Bitch, that came to looſe the Woman, turn'd up his Noſe, and call'd me *Béte:* Ecod, I lent him a Lick in his Lanthorn Jaws, that will make him remember the Spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him: Another came up to ſecond him, but I let drive at the Mark, made the Soup-Maigre rumble in his Bread-baſket, and laid him ſprawling; then in pour'd a Million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go ſee her.

Claſſ. Oh fye! Ladies are treated here with a little more Ceremony: Mr. Subtle too has collected theſe People, who are to equip you for the Converſation of the Ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all theſe! What, Mr. Subtle, theſe are Mounſeeres too I ſuppoſe?

Mr. *Sub.* No! Squire, they are Engliſhmen: Faſhion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but Foreigners at home, you muſt take up with your own Countrymen here.

Claſſ. It is not in this inſtance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle; I have obſerv'd many

many of our pretty Gentlemen, who condeſcend to uſe entirely their native Language here, ſputter nothing but bad French in the Side-boxes at Home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your Wife, and Miſs Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the Devil a good Thing elſe have I ſeen ſince I loſt Sight of Dover; the Men are all Puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the Women a parcel of painted Dolls; their Food's fit for Hogs; and as for their Language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their Frippery neither: So here you may all march to the Place from whence you—Harkee! What are you an Engliſhman?

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! Look here, what a Monſter the Monkey has made of himſelf? Sirrah! if your String was long enough, I'd do your Buſineſs myſelf you Dog, to ſink a bold Briton into ſuch a ſneaking, ſnivelling——the Raſcal looks as if he had not had a Piece of Beef and Pudding in his Paunch theſe twenty Years; I'll be hang'd if the Rogue han't been fed upon Frogs ever ſince he came over. Away with your Trumpery!

Claſſ. Mr. Buck, a Compliance with the Cuſtoms of the Country in which we live, where

where neither our Religion or Morals are concern'd, is a Duty we owe ourſelves.

Mr. *Sub.* Beſides, 'Squire, Lucinda expects that you ſhould uſher her to public Places; which it would be impoſſible to do in that Dreſs.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. *Sub.* You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I ſhould be glad to ſee that.——No! no! they ha'n't Spirit enough to mob here; but come, ſince theſe Fellows here are engliſh, and it is the Faſhion, try on your Fooleries.

Mr. *Sub.* Mr. Dauphine, come produce; —Upon my Word, in an elegant Taſte, Sir; this Gentleman has had the Honour to—

Dauph. To work for all the Beaux Eſprits of the Court. My good Fortune commenc'd by a ſmall Alteration in a Cut of the Corner of the Sleeve for Count Crib; but the Addition of a ninth Plait in the Skirt of Marſhal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la Ducheſs Rambouillet, and totally eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of your humble Servant.

Buck. Hold your Jaw and diſpatch.

Mr. *Sub.* A Word with you——I don't think it impoſſible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't ſhe a Papiſt?

Mr. *Sub.* Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to ſay to her.

Mr. *Sub.* Oh fie! who minds the Religion of a pretty Woman? Beſides all this Country are of the ſame.

Buck. For that Reaſon I don't care how ſoon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as ſoon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je ſuis, Peruquieur, Monſieur.

Buck. Speak Engliſh, you Son of a Whore.

Barb. I am a Perriwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you ſay ſo at firſt? What are you aſham'd of your Mother Tongue? I knew this Fellow was a Puppy by his Pig-tail. Come, let's ſee your handy Work.

Barb. As I found you were in a Hurry, I have brought you, Sir, ſomething that will do for the preſent: But a Peruque is a different Ouvrage, another Sort of a Thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we muſt conſult the Colour of the Complexion, and the *Tour de Viſage*, the Form of the Face; for which End it will be neceſſary to regard your Countenance in different Lights:——A little to the Right, if you pleaſe.

Buck. Why you Dog, d'ye think I'll ſubmit to be exerciſed by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monſieur, if you don't, it will be impoſſible to make your Wig *comm' il faut*.

Buck.

Buck. Sirrah, ſpeak another French Word, and I'll kick you down Stairs.

Barb. Gad's Curſe! Would you reſemble ſome of your Countrymen, who at the firſt Importation with nine Hairs of a Side to a brawny pair of Cheeks, look like a Saracen's Head! Or elſe their Water-gruel Jaws ſunk in a Thicket of Curls, appear, for all the World, like a Lark in a Soup-diſh!

Mr. *Sub.* Come, 'Squire, ſubmit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what muſt I do?

[*Places him in a Chair.*

Barb. To the Right, Sir;—now to the Left;—now your full—and now, Sir, I'll do your Buſineſs.

Mr. *Sub.* Look at yourſelf a little; ſee what a Revolution this has occaſion'd in your whole Figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty Figure indeed! But 'tis a Figure I am damnably aſham'd of: I would not be ſeen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty Pounds, in this Trim, for all that.

Mr. *Sub.* Upon my Honour, Dreſs greatly improves you. Your Opinion, Mr. Claſſic.

Claſſ. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little Time Mr. Buck will be eaſy in them.

Buck. Shall I; I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneaſy at preſent, Mr. Subtle. What muſt I do now?

Mr. *Sub.* Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my Wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along Domine! But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my Tramels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. *Sub.* Well! Well!

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmy's; none of your black Bags and Jack Boots for me.

Mr *Sub.* No! no!

Buck. I'll shew them the Odds on't! old Silver-Tail! I will! Hey!

Mr. *Sub.* Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, Stake, or Stile! over we go!

Mr. *Sub.* Ay! But Mr. Classic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. *Sub.* Oh no! Impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a Chace she carry'd me last Christmas Eve, we unkennell'd at——.

Mr. *Sub.* I am busy now; at any other Time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my Hounds and Horses.

Mr. *Sub.* Have you?

Buck. They shall make the Tour of Europe with me: And then there's Tom Atkins the Huntsman, the two Whippers-in, and little Joey the Groom comes with them. Dammy, what a strange Place they'll think this? But no Matter for that; then we shall be

be Company enough of ourſelves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. *Sub.* In ten Minutes!—An impertinent Jackanapes! But I ſhall ſoon ha' done with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you ſee we have a good Subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I muſt have more than 20 per Cent. out of that Suit.

Dauph. Upon my Soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

Mr. *Sub.* Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. *Sub.* Come, don't lie; don't damn yourſelf, Dauphine; don't be a Rogue; did not I ſee at Madam Fripon's that Waiſtcoat and Sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the Waiſtcoat and Sleeves, I own; but for the Body and Lining—may I never ſee—

Mr. *Sub.* Come, don't be a Scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I muſt, I muſt.

Mr. *Sub.* Oh! Solitaire! I can't pay that Draft of Mr.——theſe ſix Weeks; I want Money.

Soli. Je ſuis dans le même cas—Je—

Mr. *Sub.* What d'ye mutiny, Raſcal? About your Buſineſs, or——

[*Exeunt.*

I muſt keep theſe Fellows under, or I ſhall

ſhall have a fine Time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. *Sub.* The Calais Letters! my Dear.

Mr. *Sub.* (*reads.*) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover Packet arrived laſt Night, Loading as follows: Six Taylors, ditto Barbers, five Milliners, bound to Paris to ſtudy Faſhions; four Citizens come to ſettle here for a Month, by way of ſeeing the Country; ditto their Wives; ten French Valets, with nine Cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been ſent for robbing their Maſters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good Caſe; twelve Dogs, ditto Bitches, with two Monkies, and a Litter of Puppies from Mother Midnight's in the Hay-market: A precious Cargo! *Poſtcript.* One of the Coaſters is juſt put in, with his Grace the Duke of ———, my Lord, and an old Gentleman, whoſe Name I can't learn. Gadſo! Well, my Dear, I muſt run, and try to ſecure theſe Cuſtomers; there's no Time to be loſt. Mean while——

Enter

Enter Claſſic.

So, Maſter Claſſic, what have you left the young Couple together?

Claſſ. They want your Ladyſhip's Preſence, Madam, for a ſhort Tour to the Tuilleries. I have received ſome Letters which I muſt anſwer immediately.

Mr. *Sub.* Oh! Well! Well! no Ceremony; we are all of a Family, you know. Servant. [*Exit.*

Claſſ. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Claſſ. I have juſt received a Letter from your old Maſter; he was landed at Calais, and will be this Evening at Paris. It is abſolutely neceſſary that this Circumſtance ſhould be conceal'd from his Son; for which Purpoſe you muſt wait at the Picardy Gate, and deliver a Letter I ſhall give you, into his own Hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Claſſ. But, Roger, be ſecret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Claſſ. So, Mr. Subtle, I ſee your Aim. A pretty Lodging we have hit upon; the Miſtreſs a Commode, and the Maſter a— But who can this Ward be? Poſſibly the neglected

neglected Punk of ſome riotous Man of Quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's Father is arriv'd, or my Authority would prove but an inſufficient Match for my Pupil's Obſtinacy. This mad Boy! How difficult, how diſagreeable a Taſk have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an Experiment is it to expoſe our Youth, in the very Fire and Fury of their Blood, to all the Follies and Extravagance of this fantaſtic Court? Far different was the prudent Practice of our Forefathers.

They ſcorn'd to truck, for baſe unmanly Arts,
Their native Plainneſs, and their honeſt Hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to viſit haughty France,
'Twas arm'd with bearded Dart, and pointed Launce.
No pompous Pageants lur'd their curious Eye,
No Charms for them had Fops or Flattery;
Paris *they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,*
There Britons *ſaw a* Britiſh Harry *crown'd.*
Far other Views attract our modern Race,
Trulls, Toupees, Trinkets, Bags, Brocades, and Lace;
A flaunting Form, and a fictitious Face.
Rouſe! re-aſſume! refuſe a Gallic *Reign,*
Nor let their Arts win that, their Arms could never gain.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and* Roger.

ROGER.

OLD Maiſter's at a Coffee-houſe next Street, and will tarry 'till you ſend for 'un.

Claſſ. Bye and bye, in the Duſk, bring him up the back Stairs. You muſt be careful that nobody ſees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Claſſ. Let Sir John know, that I would wait on him myſelf, but I don't think it ſafe to quit the Houſe an Inſtant.

Rog. Ay, ay [*Exit* Roger.

Claſſ. I ſuppoſe, by this Time, Matters are pretty well ſettled within, and my Abſence only wanted to accompliſh the Scene; but I ſhall take Care to———Oh! Mr. Subtle, and his Lady.

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. *Sub.* Oh! delightfully! Now, my Deareſt, I hope you will no longer diſpute my Abilities for forming a Female.

Mr. *Sub.* Never, never: How the Baggage leer'd!

Mrs. *Sub.* And the Booby gap'd!

Mr. *Sub.* So kind, and yet ſo coy; ſo free, but then ſo reſerv'd; Oh! ſhe has him!

Mrs. *Sub.* Aye! aye! the Fiſh is hook'd; but then ſafely to land him.——Is Claſſic ſuſpicious?

Mr. *Sub.* Not that I obſerve; but the Secret muſt ſoon be blaz'd.

Mrs. *Sub.* Therefore diſpatch: I have laid a Trap to enflame his Affection.

Mr. *Sub.* How?

Mrs. *Sub.* He ſhall be treated with a Diſplay of Lucy's Talents; her ſinging, dancing.

Mr. *Sub.* Pſhaw! her ſinging and dancing!

Mr. *Sub.* Ah! you don't know, Huſband, half the Force of theſe Accompliſhments in a faſhionable Figure.

Mr. *Sub.* I doubt her Execution.

Mrs. *Sub.* You have no Reaſon; ſhe does both well enough to flatter a Fool; eſpecially with Love for her ſecond: Beſides, I have a Coup de Maitre, a ſure Card.

Mr

Mr. *Sub.* What's that?

Mrs. *Sub.* A Rival.

Mr. *Sub.* Who?

Mrs. *Sub.* The Language-Maſter: He may be eaſily equipt for the Expedition; a ſecond-hand tawdry Suit of Cloaths will paſs him on our Countryman for a Marquiſs; and then to excuſe his ſpeaking our Language ſo well, he may have been educated early in England. But huſh! the Squire approaches don't ſeem to obſerve him.

Enter Buck.

For my Part, I never ſaw any Thing ſo alter'd ſince I was born: In my Conſcience, I believe ſhe's in Love with him.

Buck. Huſh! [*Aſide.*]

Mr. *Sub.* D'ye think ſo?

Mrs. *Sub.* Why, where's the Wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, ſprightly Fellow; and, for the Time, ſuch an Improvement! Why he wears his Cloaths as eaſily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris theſe twenty Years.

Mr. *Sub.* Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. *Sub.* Why he has had but three Leſſons from Marſeil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three Months Stay here, will render him a perfect Model for the Engliſh Court.

Mr. *Sub.* Gadſo! No wonder then, with theſe Qualities, that he has caught the Heart of my Ward; but we muſt take Care that the Girl does nothing imprudent

Mrs. *Sub.* Oh! diſmiſs your Fears; her Family, good Senſe, and more than all, her being educated under my Eye, render them unneceſſary; beſides, Mr. Buck is too much a Man of Honour to———

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. *Sub.* Bleſs me! Sir! you here! I did not expect———

Buck. I beg Pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a Man of Honour. I wanted to have ſome Chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. *Sub.* Then I'll withdraw. You ſee I dare truſt you alone with my Wife.

Buck. So you may ſafely; I have other Game in View. Servant, Mr. Subtle.

Mrs. *Sub.* Now for a puzzling Scene: I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. Buck, your Commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,—I ah—I ah——but let's ſhut the Door: I was, Madam, ——ah! ah! Can't you gueſs what I want to talk about?

Mrs. *Sub.* Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my Soul I'll tell you, if you're right.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Sub.* It will be impoſſible for me to divine: But come, open a little!

Buck. Why, have you obſerv'd nothing?

Mrs. *Sub.* About who?

Buck. Why, about me!

Mrs. *Sub.* Yes; you are new-dreſs'd, and your Cloaths become you.

Buck. Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. *Sub.* What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my Soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. *Sub.* Nay, then it's to no Purpoſe to wait: Write your Mind.

Buck. No! No! Stop a Moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. *Sub.* Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miſs Lucinda.

Mrs. *Sub.* What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine Girl; and I ſhould be glad to——

Mrs. *Sub.* To——Bleſs me! What! Mr. Buck! And in my Houſe! Oh! Mr. Buck, you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think, that, under the Appearance of ſo much Honeſty, you could go to——

Buck. Upon my Soul, you're miſtaken.

Mrs. *Sub.* A poor Orphan too! Depriv'd in her earlieſt Infancy of a Father's Prudence, and a Mother's Care.

Buck. Why I tell you——

Mrs. *Sub.* So ſweet, ſo lovely an Innocence;

cence; her Mind as ſpotleſs as her Perſon.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. *Sub.* And me, Sir! Where had you your Thoughts of me? How dar'd you ſuppoſe that I would connive at ſuch a—

Buck. The Woman is bewitch'd!

Mrs. *Sub.* I! whoſe untainted Reputation the bliſtering Tongue of Slander never blaſted. Full fifteen Years, in Wedlock's ſacred Bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd; and now to——

Buck. Od's Fury! She's in Heroics!

Mrs. *Sub.* And this from you too, whoſe fair Outſide and bewitching Tongue had ſo far lull'd my Fears, I dar'd have truſted all my Daughters, nay, myſelf too, ſingly, with you.

Buck. Upon my Soul! and ſo you might ſafely.

Mrs. *Sub.* Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your Defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What are you got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a Bit, we may make a Shift to underſtand one another a little.

Mrs. *Sub.* Be quick, and eaſe me of my Fears.

Buck. Eaſe you of your Fears! I don't know how the Devil you got them. All that I wanted to ſay was, that Miſs Lucy

was a fine Wench; and if ſhe was as willing as me,—

Mr. *Sub.* Willing! Sir! What Demon—

Buck. If you are in your Airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. *Sub.* I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why that if ſhe lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. *Sub.* Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your Drift, I am ſatisfy'd. But don't indulge your Wiſh too much; there are numerous Obſtacles; your Father's Conſent, the Law of the Land,——

Buck. What Laws?

Mrs. *Sub.* All clandeſtine Marriages are void in this Country.

Buck. Damn the Country: in London now, a Footman may drive to May-Fair, and in five Minutes be tack'd to a Counteſs; but there's no Liberty here.

Mrs. *Sub.* Some inconſiderate Couples have indeed gone off Poſt to Proteſtant States; but I hope my Ward will have more Prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think ſhe likes me?

Mrs. *Sub.* Why to deal candidly with you, ſhe does.

Buck. Does ſhe, by——

Mrs. *Sub.* Calm your Tranſports.

Buck.

Buck. Well! but how? She did not, did ſhe! Hey! Come now, tell——

Mrs. *Sub.* I hear her coming; this is her Hour for Muſic and Dancing.

Buck. Could not I have a peep?

Mrs. *Sub.* Withdraw to this Corner.

Enter Lucinda, *with Singing and Dancing-Maſters.*

Luc. The News; the News, Monſieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the firſt Intelligence! What's doing at Verſailles? When goes the Court to Marei? Does Rameau write the next Opera? What ſay the Critics of Voltaire's Duke de Foix? Anſwer me all in a Breath!

Buck. A brave-ſpirited Girl! She'll take a five-barr'd Gate in a Fortnight.

Gam. The Converſation of the Court your Ladyſhip has engroſs'd, ever ſince you laſt honour'd it with your Appearance.

Luc. Oh! you Flatterer! have I! Well! and what freſh Victims? But 'tis impoſſible; the Sunſhine of a northern Beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy Heart of a French Courtier.

Gam. What Injuſtice to your own Charms and our Diſcernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have Fire enough to warm one Britiſh Boſom, rule!

rule! rule! ye Paris Belles! I envy not your Conqueſts.

Mrs *Sub.* Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. *Sub.* Certain!

Buck. Huſh!

Luc. But come, a Truce to Galantry, Gamut, and to the Buſineſs of the Day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new inſtrument; 'tis ſo languiſhing and ſo portable, and ſo ſoft and ſo ſilly: But come, for your laſt Leſſon.

Gam. D'ye like the Words?

Luc. Oh! Charming! They are ſo melting, and eaſy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup de Eſſaï.*

Gam. Take Care of your Expreſſion; let your Eyes and Addreſs accompany the Sound and Sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Alons, commencés.

SONG.

I.

PAR un matin Liſette ſe leva,
Et dans un bois ſeulette s'en alla.
Ta, la, la, &c.

II.

Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de la,
Dans un buiſſon le Roſſignol chanta.
Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

Toute doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.
Ta, la, la.

IV.

C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit la,
Le bel Oiſeau dit elle que voila.
Ta, la, la.

V.

La pauvre enfant le prit, le careſſa,
Sous ſon mouchoir en riant le plaça.
Ta, la, la.

VI.

Son petit cœur auſſitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne ſçait ce quelle a.
Ta, la, la.

VII.

VII.

Elle s'en va ſe plaindre à ſon papa,
En lui parlant la belle ſoupira.
Ta, la, la.

VIII.

Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit deja.
Lui dit je ſçais un remede à cela.
Ta, la, la.

IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fertement le lia.
Ta, la, la.

X.

Dans la voliere auſſitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.
Ta, la, la.

XI.

Heureuſement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce ſecret la.
Ta, la, la.

XII.

Jeane beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu' à Liſſette il joua.
Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo! Bravo!

Buck. Bravo! Braviſſimo! My Lady, what was the Song about? [*Aſide to my Lady.*

Mrs. *Sub.* Love: 'Tis her own compoſing.

Buck. What, does ſhe make Verſes then?

Mrs. *Sub.* Finely. I take you to be the Subject of theſe.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think ſo! Gad! I thought by her ogling, 'twas the Muſic-Man himſelf.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well, for ſo young a Scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyſhip's Progreſs will undoubtedly fix my Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your Dancing-Maſter, Monſieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monſieur Kitteau, I can't poſſibly take a Leſſon this Morning, I am ſo buſy; but if you pleaſe,

pleaſe, I'll juſt hobble over a Minuet by way of Exerciſe.

Enter a Servant. [*After the Dance.*

Serv. Monſieur le Marquis de———

Luc. Admit him this Inſtant.

Mrs. *Sub.* A Lover of Lucinda! a Frenchman of Faſhion, and vaſt Fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll ſoon do his Buſineſs, I ll warrant you.

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Mar. Ma chere adorable! 'Tis an age ſince I ſaw you.

Luc. Oh! An Eternity! But 'tis your own Fault, though.

Marq. My Misfortune, *ma Princeſſe!* But now I'll redeem my Error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I ſhall make a Shift to tranſplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your Abſence has diſtreſs'd me. Demand of theſe Gentlemen the melancholy Mood of my Mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and ſing, and drive Care to the—Ha! Monſieur Kitteau! have you practiſed this Morning?

Luc.

Luc. I had juſt given my Hand to Kitteau before you came.

Marq. I was in Hopes that Honour would have been reſerv'd for me. May I flatter myſelf that your Ladyſhip will do me the Honour of venturing upon the Fatigue of another Minuet this Morning with me?

Enter Buck *briſkly. Takes her hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of Monſieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle Bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monſieur Ragout, if you repeat that Word *Bête*, I ſhall make you ſwallow it again, as I did laſt Night one of your Countrymen.

Mar. Quel Savage!

Buck. And another Word; as I know you can ſpeak very good Engliſh, if you will; when you don't, I ſhall take it for granted you're abuſing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiſelle, who is this officious Gentleman? How comes he intereſted? Some Relation, I ſuppoſe!

Buck. No; I'm a Lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a Rival! Eh Morbleu! a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monſieur, what, and I ſuppoſe you preſume to give Laws to this Lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and ſin-

gular Affection, to knock down every Mortal ſhe likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey! Monſieur Roaſt Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my Wife; conſider her as ſuch; and don't chuſe to have her ſoil'd by the impertinent Addreſſes of every French Fop, *A la-mode de Paris*, Mounſieur Fricaſſy!

Marq. Fricaſſy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A Truce; a Truce, I beſeech you, Gentlemen: It ſeems I am the golden Prize for which you plead; produce your Pretenſions; your are the Repreſentatives of your reſpective Countries; begin, Marquis, for the Honour of France; Let me hear what Advantages I am to derive from a Conjugal Union with you.

Marq. Abſtracted from thoſe which I think are pretty viſible; a perpetual Reſidence in this Paradiſe of Pleaſures; to be the Object of univerſal Adoration; to ſay what you pleaſe, go where you will, do what you like, form Faſhions, hate your Huſband, and let him ſee it; indulge your Galant, and let t'other know it; run in Debt, and oblige the poor Devil to pay it. He! Ma chere! There are Pleaſures for you.

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! Theſe are Allurements for a Woman of Spirit; but don't let us conclude too haſtily; hear the other Side:

What

What have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a Woman of Spirit, they give you the ſame Advantages in London as at Paris, with a Privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indiſputable Right to cheat at Cards, in ſpight of Detection.

Marq. Pardon me, Sir, we have the ſame; but I thought this Privilege ſo known and univerſal, that 'twas needleſs to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt Thoughts, in a Word, if any Woman can be ſo abandon'd, as to rank amongſt the Comforts of Matrimony, the Privilege of hating her Huſband and the Liberty of committing every Folly and every Vice contained in your Catalogue, ſhe may ſtay ſingle for me; for damn me, if I'm a Huſband fit for her Humour; that's all.

Marq I told you, Mademoiſelle!

Luc. But ſtay, what have you to offer as a Counterbalance, for theſe Pleaſures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, Courage to protect you, Good-nature to indulge your Love, and Health enough to make Galants uſeleſs, and too good a Fortune to render running in Debt neceſſary. Find that here if you can

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the Sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I ſhall have any Uſe for the faſhionable Liberties

you

you propoſe, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national Prejudice, here's my Hand, Mr. Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monſieur!

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No Offence!

Marq. Not in the leaſt; I am only afraid the Reputation of that Lady's Taſte will ſuffer a little; and to ſhew her at once the Difference of her Choice, the Preference, which if beſtow'd on me, would not fail to exaſperate you, I ſupport without murmuring; ſo, that Favour which would probably have provok'd my Fate, is now your Protection. *Voila la politeſſe Françoiſe*, Madam; I have the Honour to be——*Bon Jour Monſieur*. Tol de rol. [*Exit* Marq.

Buck. The Fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your Hand, we'll in, and ſettle Matters with Mr. Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my Duty to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *peeping about.*

Rog. The Coaſt is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Maſter Claſſic.

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and the* Father.

Claſſ. Roger, watch at the Door. I wiſh Sir John, I could give you a more chearful Welcome, but we have no Time to loſe in Ceremony; you are arrived in the critical Minute; two Hours more would have plac'd the inconſiderate Couple out of the Reach of Purſuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your Kindneſs? You have preſerv'd my Son; you have ſav'd——

Claſſ. I have done my Duty; but of that——

Rog. Maiſter and the young Woman's coming.

Claſſ. Sir John, place yourſelf here, and be a Witneſs how near a Criſis is the Fate of your Family.

Enter Buck *and* Lucinda.

Buck. Pſhaw! What ſignifies her? 'Tis odds whether ſhe'd conſent, from the Fear of my Father. Beſides, ſhe told me, we

could never be married here; and ſo pack up a few Things, and we'll off in a Poſt-Chaiſe directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a Moment's Reflection. ——What am I about! Contriving in concert with the moſt profligate Couple that ever diſgrac'd Human Nature, to impoſe an indigent Orphan on the ſole Repreſentative of a wealthy and honourable Family! Is this a Character becoming my Birth and Education? What muſt be the Conſequence? Sure Detection and Contempt, Contempt even from him, when his Paſſions cool —I have reſolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the Expedition we are upon the Point of taking, is to be a laſting one, we ought not to be over-haſty in our Reſolution.

Buck. Pſhaw! Stuff! When a Thing's reſolv'd, the ſooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is abſolutely reſolv'd, give me Leave to beg an Anſwer to two Queſtions.

Buck. Make Haſte then.

Luc. What are your Thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a ſenſible, civil, handſome, handy Girl, and will make a deviliſh good Wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my Rank and Fortune?

Buck. Mr. Subtle ſays they are both great; but that's no Buſineſs of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for Love.

Luc. Generouſly ſaid! My Birth I believe, won't diſgrace you; but for my Fortune, your Friend, Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both; but we loſe Time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or perhaps Father may come!

Luc. Your Father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pſhaw! 'Zooks! this is like ſaying one's Catechiſe.

Luc. But don't you think your Father's Conſent neceſſary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old Fellows love to be obſtinate; but 'Ecod I am as muleiſh as he; and to tell you the Truth, if he had propos'd me a Wife, that would have been Reaſon enough to make me diſlike her; and I don't think I ſhould be half ſo hot about

about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old Fellow damnably. So, my pretty Partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Father *and* Claſſic.

Father. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this Declaration, as to it I owe the entire Subjection of that paternal Weakneſs, which has hitherto ſuſpended the Correction your abandoned Libertiniſm has long provok'd. You have forgot the Duty you owe a Father, diſclaim'd my Protection, cancell'd the natural Covenant between us; 'tis Time I now ſhould give you up to the Guidance of your own guilty Paſſions, and treat you as a Stranger to my Blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen if he ſhould come; but you may thank yourſelf.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the Dupe of a raw giddy Girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your Project, and add her Ruin to your own.

Buck.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may ſay what you pleaſe; but for the young Woman, ſhe does not deſerve it; but now ſhe wanted me to get your Conſent, and told me that ſhe had never a Penny of Portion into the Bargain.

Fath. A ſtale, obvious Artifice! She knew the Diſcovery of the Fraud muſt follow cloſe on your inconſiderate Marriage, and would then plead the Merits of her prior candid Diſcovery: The Lady, doubtleſs, Sir, has other Secrets to diſcloſe; but as her Cunning reveal'd the firſt, her Policy will preſerve the reſt.

Luc. What Secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himſelf by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the Protectreſs of my own Honour; in Juſtice to that, I muſt demand an Explanation. What Secrets, Sir!

Fath. Oh! Perhaps a thouſand! But I am to blame to call them Secrets; the Cuſtoms of this gay Country give Sanction, and ſtamp Merit upon Vice; and Vanity will here proclaim what Modeſty would elſewhere bluſh to whiſper.

Luc.

Luc. Modeſty!—You ſuſpect my Virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the Fears of a Father may be permitted to neglect a little your Plan of Politeneſs: Therefore, to be plain, from your Reſidence in this Houſe, from your Connection with theſe People, and from the Scheme which my Preſence has interrupted, I have Suſpicions—of what Nature, aſk yourſelf.

Luc. Sir, you have Reaſon; Appearances are againſt me, I confeſs; but when you have heard my melancholy Story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom you now hate.

Fath. Madam, you miſemploy your Time; there tell your Story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the Wiles of Women, to be ſoften'd by a Syren Tear or impos'd on by an artful Tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir; on my Knee, I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and muſt do me Juſtice.

Claſſ. I am ſure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his Fears are falſe, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I ſhall but little treſpaſs on his Patience: when you know, Sir, that I am the Orphan of an honourable and once wealthy Family, whom her Father,

ther, miſguided by pernicious Politics, brought with him, in her earlieſt Infancy, to France; that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our ſhatter'd Fortune, to the Direction of this rapacious Pair; I am ſure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on!

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this Plot; forced to comply under the Penalty of deepeſt Want; without one hoſpitable Roof to ſhelter me, without one Friend to comfort or relieve me; you muſt, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed!

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your Coming, I had determined never to wed your Son, at leaſt without your Knowledge and Conſent, I hope your Juſtice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your Tale is plauſible and moving, I hope 'tis true; here come the Explainers of this Riddle.

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. *Sub.* Buck's Father!

Fath.

Fath. I'll take ſome other Time, Sir, to thank you for the laſt Proofs of your Friendſhip to my Family; in the mean Time, be ſo candid as to inſtruct us in the Knowledge of this Lady, whom, it ſeems, you have choſen for the Partner of my Son.

Mr. *Sub.* Mr. Buck's Partner——I choſe ——I——I——

Fath. No Equivocation, or Reſerve, your Plot's reveal'd, known to the Bottom; who is the Lady?

Mr. *Sub.* Lady, Sir,—the Lady's a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what means?

Mr. *Sub.* By her Father and Mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. *Sub.* Her Mother was of——I forgot her Maiden Name.

Fath. You ha'nt forgot her Father's?

Mr. *Sub.* No! No! No!

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. *Sub.* She has told it you, I ſuppoſe.

Fath. No Matter, I muſt have it, Sir, from you; here's ſome Myſtery.

Mr. *Sub,* 'Twas Worthy.

Fath. Not the Daughter of Sir Gilbert?

Mr. *Sub.* You have it.

Fath. My poor Girl! I, indeed, have wrong'd, but will redreſs you; and pray, Sir, after the many preſſing Letters you received

ſrom me, how came this Truth concealed? but I gueſs your Motive; dry up your Tears, Lucinda, at laſt you have found a Father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abuſing the Confidence of your Country, unite to plunder thoſe ye promiſe to protect.

Luc. Am I then juſtified?

Fath. You are: your Father was my firſt and firmeſt Friend, I mourn'd his Loſs; and long have ſought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray han't I ſome Merit in finding her, ſhe's mine by the Cuſtom of the Manor.

Fath. Yours—Firſt ſtudy to deſerve her; ſhe's mine, Sir; I have juſt redeem'd this valuable Treaſure, and ſhall not truſt it in a Spendthrift's Hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Fath. Diſclaim the Partners of your Riot, poliſh your Manners, reform your Pleaſures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourſelf. And now, my beauteous Ward, we'll for the Land where firſt you ſaw the Light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long Bondage you have ſuffer'd here. I ſuppoſe, Sir, we ſhall have no Difficulty

in

in perſuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your Reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who tranſports a profligate Son to Paris, by Way of mending his Manners, only adds the Vices and Follies of that Country to thoſe of his own.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical Sway,
By a fortunate Voyage on a proſperous Day,
I am landed in England, *and now muſt endeavour,*
By ſome means or other to curry your Favour.

Of what Uſe to be freed from a Gallic *Subjection,*
Unleſs I'm ſecure of a Britiſh *Protection.*
Without Caſh,—but one Friend—and he too juſt made,
Egad I've a Mind to ſet up ſome Trade;
Of what Sort! in the Papers I'll publiſh a Puff
Which wont fail to procure me Cuſtom enough;
" *That a Lady from* Paris *is lately arriv'd*
" *Who with exquiſite Art has nicely contriv'd*
" *The beſt Paint for the Face,—the beſt Paſte for*
" *the Hands,*
" *A Water for Freckles, for Fluſhings, and Tans.*
" *She can teach you the melior Coeffeure for the Head,*
" *To liſp—amble—and ſimper—and put on the Red;*
" *To rival, to rally, to backbite, and ſneer,*
" *Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.*

" *The Beaux ſhe inſtructs to bow with a Grace,*
" *The happieſt Shrug,—the neweſt Grimace.*
" *To* parler François—*fib, flatter, and dance,*
" *Which is very near all that they teach ye in*
" France.

" *Not*

EPILOGUE.

" *Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole*
" Engliſh *Nation,*
" *But his Roughneſs ſhe'll ſoften, his Figure ſhe'll*
" *faſhion.*
" *The meereſt John Trot in a Week you ſhall zee*
" Bien poli bien frizé tout à fait un Marquis."

What d'ye think of my Plan, is it form'd to your
Gout?
May I hope for Diſciples in any of you.
Shall I tell you my Thoughts, without Guile, without
Art,
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain *at*
Heart.
Then take this Advice, which I give for her Sake,
You'll gain nothing by any Exchange you can make;
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Expence
For their Baubles and Bows, to give your good Senſe.

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OF TWO ACTS,

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AND

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PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

SEVERE their Taſk, who in this critic Age,
With freſh Materials furniſh out the Stage!
Not that our Fathers drain'd the comic Store;
Freſh Characters ſpring up as heretofore——
Nature with Novelty does ſtill abound;
On every Side freſh Follies may be found.
But then the Taſte of every Gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit;
Require's at leaſt—no common Share of Wit.
Thoſe who adorn the Orb of higher Life,
Demand the lively Rake, or modiſh Wife;
Whilſt they, who in a lower Circle move,
Yawn at their Wit, and ſlumber at their Love.
If light, low Mirth employs the comic Scene,
Such Mirth, as drives from vulgar Minds the Spleen;
The poliſh'd Critic damns the wretched Stuff,
And crys,—" 'twill pleaſe the Gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring Judgments who can reconcile,
Since Fops will frown, where humble Traders ſmile?
To daſh the Poet's ineffectual Claim,
And quench his Thirſt for univerſal Fame,
The *Grecian* Fabuliſt, in moral Lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the Writers of this Day.
Once on a Time, a Son and Sire we're told,
The Stripling tender, and the Father old,
Purchas'd a Jack-Aſs at a country Fair,
To eaſe their Limbs, and hawk about their Ware:
But as the ſluggiſh Animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his Back wou'd break:
Up gets the Boy; the Father leads the Aſs,
And through the gazing Crowd attempts to paſs;
Forth from the Throng, the Grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the Cavalcade with feeble Shout.
" This the Reſpect to reverend Age you ſhew?
" And this the Duty you to Parents owe?
" He beats the Hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;
" Sirrah! get down, and let your Father ride."

PROLOGUE.

As *Grecian* Lads were ſeldom void of Grace,
The decent, duteous Youth, reſign'd his Place.
Then a freſh Murmur thro' the Rabble ran;
Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man.
" Sure, never was brute Beaſt ſo void of Nature!
" Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature?
" To your own Baby can you be unkind?
" Here!—*Suke*, *Bill*, *Betty*—put the Child behind."
Old *Dapple* next the Clowns' Compaſſion claim'd;
" 'Tis Wonderment, them Boobies ben't aſham'd.
" Two at a Time upon a poor dumb Beaſt!
" They might as well have carry'd he at leaſt."
The Pair, ſtill pliant to the partial Voice,
Diſmount and bear the Aſs—Then what a Noiſe!
Huzzas, loud Laughs, low Gibe, and bitter Joke,
From the yet ſilent Sire theſe Words provoke:
" Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther Call,
" Vain his Attempt, who ſtrives to pleaſe them all!"

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN by a LADY,

And SPOKEN by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my Stars, that I have done my Taſk,
And now throw off this aukward, idiot Maſk.
Cou'd we ſuppoſe this Circle ſo refin'd,
Who ſeek thoſe Pleaſures that improve the Mind,
Cou'd from ſuch Vulgariſms feel Delight,
Or laugh at Characters ſo unpolite?
Who come to Plays, to ſee, and to be ſeen;
Not to hear things that ſhock, or give the Spleen;
Who ſhun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin?
"Lord! do you know?" ſays Lady *Bell*—"I'm told
"That *Jacky Dapple* got ſo great a Cold
"Laſt *Tueſday* Night—There wa'n't a Creature there;
"Not a Male Thing to hand one to one's Chair!
"Divine *Mingotti!* what a Swell has ſhe!
"O! ſuch a Suſtinuto upon B!
"Ma'am, when ſhe's quite in Voice ſhe'll go to C."
"Lord!" ſays my Lady *Engliſh*—"here's a Pother!
"Go where ſhe will, I'll never ſee another."
(Her Ladyſhip, half-choak'd with London Air,
And brought to Town to ſee the Sights—and ſtare.)
"Fine Singing that!—I'm ſure it's more like ſcreaming;
"To me, I vow, they're all a Pack of Women!
"Oh Barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!—
"Does not this Creature come from *Pudding-lane*?
"Look, look, my Lord!—She goggles!—Ha, ha, pray be quiet;
"Dear Lady *Bell*, for ſhame! You'll make a Riot.
"Why will they mix with us to make this Rout?
"Bring in a Bill, my Lord, to keep 'em out."
"We'll have a Taſte Act, faith!" my Lord replied;
"And ſhut out all, that are not qualified."——
Thus Ridicule is bounded like a Ball,
Struck by the Great, then anſwer'd by the Small;
While we, at Times, return it to you all.
A ſkilful Hand will ne'er your Rage provoke;
For though it hits you, you'll applaud the Stroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your Neighbour down.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Governor Cape,	Mr. Bransby.
Young Cape,	Mr. Ross.
Sprightly,	Mr. Usher.
Cadwallader,	Mr. Foote.
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Vamp,	Mr. Yates.
Printer's Devil,	Mr. Vaughan.
Robin,	Mr. Simson.
Mrs. Cadwallader,	Mrs. Clive.
Miſs Arabella,	Miſs Barton.

THE AUTHOR; A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Governor CAPE and ROBIN.

Governor. AND he believes me dead, *Robin?*

Rob. Moſt certainly.

Gov. You have given him no Intimation that his Fortunes might mend?

Rob. Not a diſtant Hint.

Gov. How did he receive the News?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that his Hopes from Abroad were at an End, that the Friend of his deceaſed Father thought he had done enough in putting it in his Power to earn his own Livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had

long expected, charged me with his warmeſt Acknowledgments to his concealed Benefactor, thanked me for my Care, ſighed and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived ſince?

Rob. Poorly, but honeſtly: To his Pen he owes all his Subſiſtence. I am ſure my Heart bleeds for him: Conſider, Sir, to what Temptations you expoſe him.

Gov. The ſeverer his Trials, the greater his Triumph. Shall the Fruits of my honeſt Induſtry, the Purchaſe of many Perils, be laviſh'd on a lazy luxurious Booby, who has no other Merit than being born five and twenty Years after me? No, no, *Robin*; him, and a Profuſion of Debts, were all that the Extravagance of his Mother left me.

Rob. You lov'd her, Sir?

Gov. Fondly,—nay, fooliſhly, or Neceſſity had not compell'd me to ſeek for Shelter in another Climate. 'Tis true, Fortune has been favourable to my Labours; and when *George* convinces me that he inherits my Spirit, he ſhall ſhare my Property, not elſe.

Rob. Conſider, Sir, he has not your Opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his Education.

Rob. As the World goes, the worſt you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day! Learning, Learning, Sir, is no Commodity for this Market; nothing makes Money here, Sir, but Money; or ſome certain faſhionable Qualities that you would not wiſh your Son to poſſeſs.

Gov. Learning uſeleſs! Impoſſible!— Where are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great Protectors and Patrons of the Liberal Arts?

Rob.

Rob. Patron!—The Word has loſt its Uſe; a Guinea Subſcription at the Requeſt of a Lady, whoſe Chambermaid is acquainted with the Author, may be now and then pick'd up — Protector!—Why I dare believe there's more Money laid out upon *Iſlington* Turnpike in a Month than upon all the learned Men in *Great-Britain* in ſeven Years.

Gov. And yet the Preſs groans with their Productions! How do they all exiſt?

Rob. In Garrets, Sir; as, if you will ſtep to your Son's Apartment in the next Street, you will ſee.

Gov. But what Apology ſhall we make for the Viſit?

Rob. — That you want the Aid of his Profeſſion; a well-penn'd Addreſs now from the Subjects of your late Government, with your gracious Reply, to put into the News-papers.

Gov. Aye! is that Part of his Practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin.*

Scene draws and diſcovers Young CAPE *with the* Printer's Devil.

Cape. Prythee, go about thy Buſineſs —— Vaniſh, dear Devil.

Devil. Maſter bid me not come without the Proof; he ſays as how there are two other Anſwers ready for the Preſs, and if your's don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the Paper; but you are always ſo lazy: I have more Plague with you — There's Mr. *Guzzle*, the Tranſlator, never keeps me a Minute — unleſs the poor Gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape.

Cape. Why, you little ſooty, ſniv'ling, diabolical Puppy, is it not ſufficient to be plagu'd with the Stupidity of your abſurd Maſter, but I muſt be peſter'd with your Impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!———Marry, come up, I keep as good Company as your Worſhip every Day in the Year———There's Maſter *Clench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take Part of a Pot of Porter with me, tho' he has wrote two Volumes of lives in Quarto, and has a Folio a coming out in Numbers.

Cape, Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the Room this Inſtant, I'll ſhew you a ſhorter Way into the Street than the Stairs.

Devil. I ſhall ſave you the Trouble———Give me the *French* Book that you took the Story from for the laſt Journal.

Cape. Take it———*(throws it at him)*

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the Circulating Library, or that it is one of your own Performances, that you———

Cape. You ſhall have a larger——*(Exit Devil.)* 'Sdeath! a pretty Situation I am in! And are theſe the Fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expenſive———

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your Week's Pay for the News-paper, five and five-pence, which, with the two and-a-penny Maſter paſs'd his Word for to Mrs. *Suds* your Waſher-woman, makes the three Half Crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the Table.

Devil. Here's a Man on the Stairs wants you; by the Sheepiſhneſs of his Looks, and the Shabbineſs of his Dreſs, he's either a Pick-pocket, or Poet

Poet———Here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-'um*, the Gentleman's at Home.

(*Surveys the Figure, laughs, and exit.*)

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your Name I preſume is *Cape?*

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg Pardon; you are a Gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my Caſe, in a Word, is this; I, like you, have long been a Retainer of the Muſes, as you may ſee by their Livery.

Cape. They have not diſcarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper Servants, the Bookſellers, have.—— I printed a Collection of Jeſts upon my own Account, and they have ever ſince refuſed to employ me; you, Sir, I hear are in their Graces; Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of *Juvenal* in Proſe; *Tully*'s Oration for *Milo*, in blank Verſe; two Eſſays on the *Britiſh* Herring-Fiſhery, with a large Collection of Rebuſſes; which if you will diſpoſe of to them, in your own Name, we'll divide the Profits.

Cape, I am really, Sir, ſorry for your Diſtreſs, but I have a larger Cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuſe to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the compiling, or index Way, that you wou'd intruſt to the Care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half Price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my Power at preſent to be uſeful to you; but if this Trifle——

Poet.

Poet. Sir, your Servant. Shall I leave you any of my———

Cape. By no Means.

Poet. An Eſſay, or an Ode?

Cape. Not a Line.

Poet. Your very obedient.——— (*Exit* Poet.

Cape. Poor Fellow! and how far am I removed, from his Condition? *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace*, his *Mecænas*; *Martial*, his *Pliny*. My Protectors are *Title-page*, the Publiſher; *Vamp*, the Bookſeller; and *Index*, the Printer. A moſt noble Triumvirate; and the Raſcals are as proſcriptive and arbitrary as the famous *Roman* one, into the Bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What! in Soliloquy, *George*,—reciting ſome of the Pleaſantries, I ſuppoſe, in your new Piece?

Cape. My Diſpoſition has, at preſent, very little of the *Vis Comica*.

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cape. Survey that Maſs of Wealth upon the Table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a Week.

Spri. Why 'tis an inexhauſtible Mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the ſoft Civility of *Billingſgate* by a Printer's Prime Miniſter, call'd a *Devil*.

Spri. I met the Imp upon the Stairs. But I thought theſe Midwives to the Muſes were the Idolizers of you, their favourite Sons?

Cape. Our Tyrants! *Tom.* Had I indeed a poſthumous Piece of Infidelity, or an amorous Novel, decorated with luſcious Copper-Plates, the Slaves would be civil enough.

Spri.

Spri. Why don't you publiſh your own Works?

Cape. What! and paper my Room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are Secrets in all Trades; our's is one great Myſtery, but the Explanation wou'd be too tedious at preſent.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your Attention to ſome other Object?

Cape. That Subject was employing my Thoughts.

Spri. How have you reſolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at preſent, two Strings to my Bow: If my Comedy ſucceeds, it buys me a Commiſſion; if my Miſtreſs, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am ſettled for Life; but, if both my Cords ſnap,—adieu to the Quill, and welcome the Muſket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—— But *à propos* —how proceeds your honourable Paſſion?

Cape. But ſlowly ——— I believe I have a Friend in her Heart, but a moſt potent Enemy in her Head: You know, I am poor, and ſhe is prudent. With regard to her Fortune too, I believe her Brother's Conſent eſſentially neceſſary ———But you promiſed to make me acquainted with him?

Spri. I expect him here every Inſtant. He may, *George*, be uſeful to you in more than one Capacity; if your Comedy is not crouded, he is a Character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible Figure in it.

Cape. His Siſter gave me a Sketch of him laſt Summer.

Spri. A Sketch can never convey him. His Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high Finiſhing.

Cape. Give me the Out-lines?

Spri.

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Cape. His Siſter gave me a Sketch of him laſt Summer.

Spri. A Sketch can never convey him. His Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high Finiſhing.

Cape. Give me the Out-lines?

Spri.

Spri. He is a Compound of Contrarieties; Pride and Meanneſs; Folly and Archneſs: At the ſame Time that he wou'd take the Wall of a Prince of the Blood, he wou'd not ſcruple eating a fry'd Sauſage at the *Mews-gate*. There is a Minuteneſs, now and then, in his Deſcriptions; and ſome whimſical, unaccountable Turns in his Converſation, that are entertaining enough: But the Extravagance and Oddity of his Manner, and the Boaſt of his Birth, compleat his Character.

Cape. But how will a Perſon of his Pride and Pedigree, reliſh the Humility of this Apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd———You are, *George*, tho' prodigiouſly learn'd and ingenious, an abſtracted Being, odd and whimſical; the Caſe with all you great Genius's: You love the Snug, the Chimney-Corner of Life; and retire to this obſcure Nook merely to avoid the Importunity of the Great.

Cape. Your Servant———But what Attraction can a Character of this Kind have for Mr. *Cadwallader?*

Spri. Infinite! next to a Peer, he honours a Poet; and modeſtly imputes his not making a Figure in the learned World himſelf to the Neglect of his Education———· huſh! he's on the Stairs———on with your Cap, and open your Book. Remember great Dignity and Abſence.

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. *Vamp:* Your Commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a Word, Maſter *Cape*, for your private Ear.

Cape.

Cape. You may communicate; this Gentleman is a Friend.

Vamp. An Author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what Way?

Cape. Univerſal.

Vamp. Bleſs me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good Subſcription, I reckon?

Cape. Not a Month from *Leyden*; an admirable Theologiſt! he ſtudy'd it in *Germany*; if you ſhould want ſuch a Thing now, as ten or a dozen manuſcript Sermons, by a deceas'd Clergyman, I believe he can ſupply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted Originals.

Vamp. No, no; I don't deal in the Sermon Way, now; I loſt Money by the laſt I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodiſt; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a Chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The Manuſcript Sermons you have wrote, and want to diſpoſe of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; Maſter *Cape* has been telling me———

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep Council; old *Vamp* had not kept a Shop ſo long at the Turnſtile, if he did not know how to be ſecret; why, in the Year Fifteen, when I was in the treaſonable Way, I never ſqueak'd; I never gave up but one Author in my Life, and he was dying of a Conſumption, ſo it never came to a Trial.

Spri.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here (*Shews the Side of his Head.*) crop'd close!——bare as a Board!——and for Nothing in the World but an innocent Book of Bawdy, as I hope for Mercy: Oh! the Laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, so positive a Proof of your Secrecy that you may rely upon my Communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but, gadso! we must mind Business, tho'. Here, Master *Cape*, you must provide me with three taking Titles for these Pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin Motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like Women, Master *Cape*; to strike they must be well-dress'd; fine Feathers make fine Birds; a good Paper, an elegant Type, a handsome Motto, and a catching Title, has drove many a dull Treatise thro' three Editions——Did you know *Harry Handy?*

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty Fellow; he had his Latin, *ad unguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd you a Fable of *Dryden*'s, or an Epistle of *Pope*'s, into Latin Verse in a Twinkling; except *Peter Hasty*, the Voyage-writer, he was as great a Loss to the Trade as any within my Memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A Halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Master *Cape*; I thought there was something the Matter by his not coming to our Shop for a Month or two: He was a pretty Fellow!

Spri. Were you a great Loser by his Death?

Vamp. I can't say;——as he had taken to another Course of Living, his Execution made a Noise; it sold me seven Hundred of his Transla-

lations,

lations, beſides his laſt dying Speech and Confeſſion; I got it; he was mindful of his Friends in his laſt Moments: He was a pretty Fellow!

Cape. You have no farther Commands, Mr. *Vamp?*

Vamp. Not at preſent; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a Couple of Volumes in Octavo.

Sprt. Upon what Subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Maſter *Cape* knows what will do, tho' Novels are a pretty light Summer Reading, and do very well at *Tunbridge*, *Briſtol*, and the other watering Places: No bad Commodity for the *Weſt-India* Trade neither; let 'em be Novels, Maſter *Cape*.

Cape. You ſhall be certainly ſupply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does *Index* go on with your Journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the Time——but you have over-ſtock'd the Market. *Titlepage* and I had once lik'd to have engaged in a Paper. We had got a young Cantab for the Eſſays; a pretty Hiſtorian from *Aberdeen*; and an Attorney's Clerk for the true Intelligence; but, I don't know how, it drop'd for Want of a Politician.

Cape. If in that Capacity I can be of any———

Vamp. No, thank you, Maſter *Cape*; in half a Year's Time, I have a Grandſon of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a Waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* Coffee-houſe; I intend giving him the Run of *Jonathan*'s for three Months, to underſtand Trade and the Funds; and then, I'll ſtart him ——— no, no, you have enough on your Hands; ſtick to your Buſineſs; and, d'ye hear,

'ware clipping and coining; remember *Harry Handy*; he was a pretty Fellow!

(*Exit.*

Spri. And I'm ſure thou art a moſt extraordinary Fellow! But prythee, *George*, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a Writer of Sermons?

Cape. You ſeemed deſirous of being acquainted with our Buſineſs, and I knew old *Vamp* would let you more into the Secret in five Minutes than I could in as many Hours.

(*Knocking below, loud.*)

Spri. Cape, to your Poſt; here they are e'faith, a Coachful! Let's ſee, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your Flame, the Siſter as I live!

(Cadwallader *without.*)

Pray, by the bye, han't you a Poet above?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your Poets have ſuch an Averſion to middle Floors——they are always to be found in the Extremities; in Garrets, or Cellars———

Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER *and* ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah! *Sprightly!*

Spri. Huſh!

Cad. Hey! what's the Matter?

Spri. Ha'd at it; untwiſting ſome knotty Point; totally abſorb'd!

Cad. Gadſo! what! that's he! *Beck*, *Bell*, there he is, egad, as great a Poet, and as ingenious a ———what's he about?———*Hebrew?*

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a Tragedy: I have been here this half Hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a Peep?

Spri.

Spri. An Earthquake wou'd not rouſe him.

Cad. He ſeems in a damn'd Paſſion.

Cape. The Belt of *Pallas*, nor Prayers, nor Tears, nor ſupplicating Gods, ſhall ſave thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds! what the Devil? who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, & pœnam ſceleratо ex ſanguine ſumit!*

Cad. Damn your Palace! I wiſh I was well out of your Garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thouſand Pardons: Ladies, your moſt devoted. You will excuſe me, Sir; but, being juſt on the Cataſtrophe of my Tragedy, I am afraid the poetic Furor may have betray'd me into ſome Indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a Genius himſelf not to allow for theſe intemperate Sallies of a heated Imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye here! Mr. *What's-your-name?*

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live deviliſh high; but perhaps you may chuſe that for Exerciſe, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, Mr. *Cape*, I had as pretty natural Parts, as fine Talents! ——but, between you and I, I had a damn'd Fool of a Guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod——he cou'd as ſoon pay the national Debt as write his own Name, and ſo was reſolv'd to make his ward no wiſer than himſelf, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye! Mr. *Cadwallader*, you don't do yourſelf Juſtice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we muſt contradict you, we can't ſuffer this Defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. *Cadwallader*'s literary Acquiſitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?——no, no, it can't be, hey! tho', let me tell you, laſt Winter, before I had the Meaſles, I cou'd have made as good a Speech upon any Subject, in *Italian*, *French*, *German*,—but I am all unhing'd! all—— Oh! Lord, Mr. *Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, Child, this is a great Poet—ah, but ſhe does not know what that is—a little fooliſh or ſo, but of a very good Family—here, *Becky*, Child, won't you aſk Mr. *Cape* to come and ſee you?

Mrs. Cad. As *Dicky* ſays, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at our Houſe, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a Regard for my own Happineſs, Ma'am, to miſs ſo certain an Opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My Inclinations, as well as my Duty, I ſay, will compel me to obey your kind Injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he ſay, our *Bell?*

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater Pleaſure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm ſure that's more his Goodneſs than my Deſert; but when you ben't better engag'd we ſhou'd be glad of your Company of an Evening to make one with our *Dicky*, Siſter *Bell*, and I, at Whiſk and Swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, *Cape*, come and look at her Grotto and Shells, and ſee what ſhe has got—well, he'll come, *Beck*,—ecod do, and ſhe'll come to the third Night of your Tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck?* ——isn't ſhe a fine Girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do; —hey, *Beck*; he ſays you are as fine a Woman as ever he—— ecod who knows but he may make a Copy of Verſes no you?———there, go, and have a little Chat with

with her, talk any Nonſenſe to her, no Matter what; ſhe's a damn'd Fool, and wo'n't know the Difference ——— there, go, *Beck* ——— well, *Sprightly*, hey! what! are you and *Bell* like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently Lords, and Viſcounts, and Earls, that take a Dinner with you; now I ſhou'd look upon it as a very particular Favour, if you wou'd invite me at the ſame Time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as antient a Family as the beſt of them, and People of Faſhion ſhou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all Manner of Means.

Cad. Hey! ſhould not they ſo? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I ſhou'd take it as a Favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they muſt all have heard of the Antiquity of your Houſe.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! *Beck*, where's my Pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why at Home, lock'd up in the Butler's Pantry.

Cad. In the Pantry! What the Devil! how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What ſignifies carrying ſuch a lumbering Thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a Fool *Beck*. Why, ſuppoſe we ſhould have any Diſputes when we are abroad about Precedence, how the Devil ſhall we be able to ſettle it? But you ſhall ſee it at Home. Oh *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our Diſpute to——— *(They go apart.)*

Arab. Well, Sir, your Friend has prevail'd; and you are acquainted with my Brother; but what Uſe you propoſe———

Cape. The Pleaſure of a more frequent Admiſſion to you.

Arab. That all!

Cape. Who knows but a ſtrict Intimacy with Mr. *Cadwallader* may in Time incline him to favour my Hopes?

Arab. A ſandy Foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your Want of Fortune; the Obſcurity, or at leaſt Uncertainty, of your Birth will prove an unſurmountable Bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, *Beck*; zounds! you are ſo———

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Conſider, we have but an Inſtant. What Project? What Advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be aſham'd to receive Succour from a weak Woman! Poetry is your Profeſſion, you know; ſo that Plots, Contrivances, and all the Powers of Imagination, are more peculiarly your Province.

Cape. Is this a Seaſon to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; aſk Mr. *Cape.*

Arab. To be ſerious then; if you have any Point to gain with my brother, your Application muſt be made to his better Part.

Cape. I underſtand you; plough with the Heifer?

Arab. A delicate Alluſion, on my Word! but take this Hint—Amongſt her Paſſions, Admiration, or rather Adoration, is the Principal.

Cape. Oh; that is her Foible?

Arab. One of them; againſt that Fort you muſt plant your Batteries—But here they are.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonſenſe Man, and I won't agree to any ſuch Thing: Why, what ſignifies a Parliament Man? You make ſuch a Rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, *Becky*, my Dear, don't be in a Paſſion now, hold; let us reaſon the Thing a little, my Dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the Man an Oafe? I won't reaſon, I hate Reaſon, and ſo there's an End on't.

Cad. Why then you are obſtinate, ecod perverſe. Hey, but my Dear now, *Becky*, that's a good Girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will ſignify nothing.

Cape. Bleſs me! what's the Matter, Madam? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you muſt have been to blame; no inconſiderable Matter cou'd have ruffled the natural Softneſs of that tender and delicate Mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a Fool, I think; he wants to ſend our little *Dicky* to School, and make him a Parliament Man.

Cape. How old is Maiter, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three Years and a Quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The Intention is rather early!

Cad. Hey! early? hold, hold; but *Becky* miſtakes the Thing, egad I'll tell you the whole Affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your Chattering, ſo you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my Dear; Mr. *Sprightly* do, ſtop her Mouth, hold, hold. The Matter, Mr *Cape*, is this. Have you ever ſeen my *Dicky*?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No! Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a ſenſible Child; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in Humour; but between you and I he has more Senſe already than all her Family put together. Hey! *Becky!* is not *Dicky* the Picture of you? He's a ſweet Child! Now, Mr. *Cape*, you muſt know, I want to put little *Dicky* to School; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great Uſe of a School is, hey! egad, for Children to make Acquaintances, that may hereafter be uſeful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not ſignify Two-pence.

Cape. Not a Farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now, this is our Diſpute, whether poor little *Dicky*, (he's a ſweet Boy) ſhall go to Mr. *Quæ-Genius*'s at *Eagware*, and make an Acquaintance with my young Lord *Knap*, the eldeſt Son of the Earl of *Frize*, or to Dr. *Ticklepitcher*'s at *Barnet*, to form a Friendſhip with young *Stocks*, the rich Broker's only Child.

Cape. And for which does the Lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the Caſe; ſays I, *Becky*, my Dear, who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Quæ-Genius*'s, but my Lord *Knap* may take ſuch a Fancy to him, that upon the Death of his Father, and he comes to be Earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a Member of Parliament? Hey! *Cape?*

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher*'s, who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his Fortune, may lend him Money if he wants it?

Cad.

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his Father, hey! Well, what's your Opinion, Maſter *Cape?*

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the Lady. Money is the main Article; it is that that makes the Mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the Aldermen too, you; ſo *Dicky* may be a Member, and a Fig for my Lord: Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he ſhall ſtick to *Stocks*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, let'n; I was ſure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, huſh *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a Bit with us To-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then *Becky* and *Bell* ſhall ſtep and order the Cook to toſs up a little nice———Hey! will you, *Becky?* Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my Heart. Well, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-'um*, the Poet; ecod the Man's well enough———Your Servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in Diſhabille to offer your Ladyſhip my Hand to your Coach.

Cad. Pſhaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have Company coming.

(*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs.* Cad. *and* Arab.

Enter GOVERNOR *and* ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Maſter *Robin!*

Rob. Why, you have a great Levée this Morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay *Robin*, there's no obſcuring extraordinary Talents.

Rob.

Rob. True, Sir; and this Friend of mine begs to claim the Benefit of them.

Cape. Any Friend of your's: But how can I be ſerviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable Government; and, as you know the unſatisfied Mind of Man, no ſooner is one Object poſſeſs'd, but another ſtarts up to———

Cape. A Truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the Matter; I am a little buſy.

Rob. In a Word then, this Gentleman, having a good deal of Wealth, is deſirous of a little Honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your Pen may.

Cape. I don't underſtand you?

Rob. Why touch him up a handſome complimentary Addreſs from his Colony, by Way of praiſing the Prudence of his Adminiſtration, his Juſtice, Valour, Benevolence, and———

Cape. I am ſorry 'tis impoſſible for me now to miſunderſtand you. The Obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancell; otherwiſe, this wou'd prove our laſt Interview.——Your Friend, Sir, has been a little miſtaken, in recommending me as a Perſon fit for your Purpoſe. Letters have been always my Paſſion, and indeed are now my Profeſſion; but tho' I am the Servant of the Public, I am not the Proſtitute of Particulars: As my Pen has never been ting'd with Gall, to gratify popular Reſentment, or private Pique, ſo it ſhall never ſacrifice its Integrity to flatter Pride, impoſe Falſhood, or palliate Guilt. Your Merit may be great, but let thoſe, Sir, be the Heralds of your Worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov.

Gov. Young Man, I like your Principles and Spirit; your manly Refuſal gives me more Pleaſure than any Honours your Papers cou'd have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this Buſineſs is diſpatch'd, let us return to our own Affairs——— You dine at *Cadwallader's?*

Capt. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the Way?

Capt. Extremely.

Spri. I have a Project, that I think will prevail.

Capt. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the Dramatic; but the Time is ſo preſſing, I ſhall be at a Loſs to procure Performers. Let's ſee——— *Robin* is a ſure Card——— A Principal may eaſily be met with; but where the Duce can I get an Interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourſelf, Sir; it will give you an Opportunity of more cloſely inſpecting the Conduct of your Son.

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a Scheme of this Sort may ill ſuit with my Character and Time of Life, yet from a private Intereſt I take in that Gentleman's Affairs, if the Means are honourable———

Spri. Innocent, upon my Credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no Objection, if you think me equal to the Taſk———

Spri. Moſt happily fitted for it. I ſhou'd not have taken the Liberty——— But huſh! He's return'd.

Enter

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear Friend! the luckieſt Circumſtance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay! hey!

Spri. You ſee that Gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is Interpreter to Prince *Potowowſky*.

Cad. *Wowſky!* Who the Devil is he?

Spri. Why the *Tartarian* Prince, that's come over Ambaſſador from the Cham of the *Calmucks*.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His Highneſs has juſt ſent me an Invitation to dine with him; now every Body that dines with a *Tartarian* Lord has a Right to carry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbra*; in their Language it is *Jablanouſky*.

Cad. *Jablanouſky!* well?

Spri. Now, if you will go in that Capacity, I ſhall be glad of the Honour.

Cad. Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his Royal Highneſs?

Spri. With Pleaſure.

Cad. My dear Friend, I ſhall take it as the greateſt Favour, the greateſt Obligation——I ſhall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the Devil ſhall I get off with the Poet? You know I have aſk'd him to Dinner.

Spri. Oh, the Occaſion will be Apology ſufficient;

cient; beſides, there will be the Ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thouſand Pardons, but here your Friend is invited to Dinner with Prince———what the Devil is his Name?———

Spri. Potowowſky.

Cad. True; now, Sir, ecod he has been ſo kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanouſky*, wou'd you be ſo good to excuſe———

Cape. By all Means; not a Word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after Dinner; hey! ſtay, but is there any Ceremony to be uſed with his Highneſs?

Spri. You dine upon Carpets, croſs-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, croſs-legg'd! Zounds! that's odd, well, well, you ſhall teach me.

Spri. And his Highneſs is particularly pleaſed with thoſe amongſt his Gueſts that do honour to his Country Soop.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but ſhould not I dreſs?

Spri. No, there's no Occaſion for it.

Cad. Dear Friend, forgive me; nothing ſhou'd take me from you but being a *Hobblin Wiſky*. Well, I'll go and ſtudy to ſit croſs-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do ſo.

Cad. His Highneſs *Potowowſky!* This is the luckieſt Accident!

(*Exit.*

Cape. Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your Enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your Friend *Robin*'s; dreſs up one of the under Actors in a ridiculous

culous Habit; this Gentleman ſhall talk a little Gibberiſh with him. I'll compoſe a Soop of ſome nauſeous Ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you chuſe, Sir, the Part we have aſſign'd?

Gov. As it ſeems to be but a harmleſs Piece of Mirth, I have no Objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. *Sprightly!*

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little ſpruce, a little ſmart upon this Occaſion?

Spri. No Doubt; dreſs, dreſs, Man; no Time is to be loſt.

Cape. Well; but *Jack*, I cannot ſay that at preſent I———

Spri. Prythee explain. What would you ſay?

Cape. Why then, I cannot ſay, that I have any other Garments at Home.

Spri. Oh, I underſtand you, is that all? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite aſhamed, and ſorry.

Spri. That's not ſo obliging, *George*; what! ſorry to give me the greateſt Pleaſure that—— But I have no Time for Speeches; I muſt run to get ready my Soop. Come, Gentlemen.

Rob. Did you obſerve, Sir?

Gov. Moſt feelingly! But it will ſoon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; Times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor Proſpect, *Robin*! But this Scheme of Life at leaſt muſt be changed; for what Spirit, with the leaſt Spark of Generoſity, can ſup-

port

port a Life of eternal Obligation, and disagreeable Drudgery? Inclination not consulted, Genius cramp'd, and Talents misapply'd!

What Prospect have those Authors to be read,
Whose daily Writings earn their daily Bread?

(Exeunt Omnes.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Young CAPE *and Mrs.* CADWALLADER *at Cards.*

Mrs. Cad. YOU want Four, and I Two, and my Deal: Now, Knave noddy———no, Hearts be Trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you ſtock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you pleaſe, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again— One, Two, Three; One, two,——hang 'em, they won't ſlip, Three. Diamonds——the Two: Have you higher than the Queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's higheſt——and loweſt, by Goſh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pſhaw! hang Cards; there are other Amuſements better ſuited to a *tête-à-tête* than any the four Aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What Paſtimes be they?—— We ben't enough for hunt the Whiſtle, nor Blind-Man's

Man's-Buff; but I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin* the Butler. *Dicky* will be hear an bye.

Cape. Hold a Minute. I have a Game to propoſe, where the Preſence of a third Perſon, eſpecially Mr. *Cadwallader*'s, wou'd totally ruin the Sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you gueſs?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; Queſtions and Commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not abſolutely that ——— ſome little Reſemblance; for I am to requeſt, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daiſy! that's charming. I never play'd at that in all my born Days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in Jeſt or Earneſt?

Cape. That is as you pleaſe to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I aſk you Queſtions too?

Cape. Doubtleſs.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love Me?

Cape. With all my Soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your Sayſo.

Cape. Upon my Sayſo.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my Heart. This is the rareſt Paſtime——

Cape. But you have not anſwer'd my Queſtion.

Mrs. Cad. Hey? that's true. Why, I believe there's no Love loſt.

Cape. So; our Game will ſoon be over; I

ſhall be up at a Deal. I wiſh I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'. (*Aſide.*

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your Turn.

Cape. True; aye; but zooks you are too haſty; the Pleaſure of this Play, like hunting, does not conſiſt in immediately chopping the Prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why, firſt I am to ſtart you, then run you a little in View, then loſe you, then unravel all the Tricks and Doubles you make to eſcape me.

You fly o'er Hedge and Stile,
I purſue for many a Mile,
You grow tir'd at laſt, and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I ſhall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in View.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and ſtart me, that I may come the ſooner to quatting——— Huſh! here's Siſter; what the deuce brought her! *Bell* will be for learning this Game too, but don't you teach her for your Life, Mr. *Poet.*

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your Manteau-maker, with your new Sack, Siſter.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have ſtay'd, I think.

Arab. What, you were better engaged? But don't be angry. I am ſorry I interrupted you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! now will I be hang'd if ſhe don't jealous of Mr. *Poet*; but I'll liſten, and ſee the End on't, I'm reſolv'd. (*Aſide and exit.*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the Interruption too?

Cape. It was a very ſeaſonable one, I promiſe you; had you ſtay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the Conſequence.

Arab. No Danger to your Perſon, I hope?

Cape. Some little Attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly reſiſted.

Cape. Why, conſider, my dear *Bell*; tho' your Siſter is a Fool, ſhe is a fine Woman, and Fleſh is frail.

Aarb. Dear *Bell!* And Fleſh is frail! We are grown ſtrangely familiar, I think?

Cape. Heydey! In what Corner ſits the Wind now?

Arab. Where it may poſſibly blow ſtrong enough to overſet your Hopes.

Cape. That a Breeze of your Breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but, pray, what is the Meaning of all this?

Arab. Aſk your own guilty Conſcience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myſelf, this little Paſſion wou'd be no bad Preſage.

Arab. You may prove a falſe Prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to——— But to deſcend to a little common Senſe; what Part of my Conduct——

Arab. Look'y, Mr. *Cape*, all Explanations are unneceſſary: I have been lucky enough to diſcover your Diſpoſition before it is too late; and ſo you know there's no Occaſion——but however, I'll not be any Impediment to you; my Siſter

will be back immediately; I ſuppoſe my Preſence will only —— But conſider, Sir, I have a Brother's Honour———

Cape. Which is as ſafe from me as if it was lock'd up in your Brother's Cloſet: But ſurely, Madam, you are a little capricious here; have I done any thing but obey your Directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a Suppoſition that—— but no Matter.

Cape. That what!

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe—what you was wicked enough to proteſt——

Cape. That I lov'd you; and what Reaſon have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty Situation I found you in at my Entrance!

Cape. An aſſumed Warmth, for the better concealing the Fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? (*Aſide, liſt'ning.*

Cape. Surely, if you doubted my Conſtancy, you muſt have a better Opinion of my Underſtanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well! (*Aſide.*

Cape. What an Ideot! a Driveler! no Conſideration upon earth, but my paving the Way to the Poſſeſſion of you, could have prevailed upon me to ſupport her Folly a Minute.

Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. So! Mr. *Poet*, you are a pretty Gentleman, indeed! Ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not ſuch a Fool as you think for, Man. But here will be *Dicky* preſently; he ſhall hear of your Tricks, he ſhall: I'll let him know what a pretty Perſon he has got in his Houſe.

Cape

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp?

Arab. And leave me to the Mercy of an Enemy: My Brother's Temper is ſo odd, there's no knowing in what Light he'll ſee this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we ſhall hear what he'll ſay to you, Madam.

Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY, *and* ROBIN.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*; between you and I, I like his Royal Highneſs mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well bred Gentleman—— but damn his Soop.

Gov. Why, Sir? You eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another Meſs to be his Maſter's Prime Miniſter; as bitter as Gall, and as black as my Hat; and there have I been ſitting theſe two Hours, with my Legs under me, till they are both as dead as a Herring.

Cape. Your Dinner diſpleas'd you?

Cad. Diſpleas'd! hey! Looky' Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily obliged to you for the Honour; but hold, hold, you ſhall never perſuade me to be a *Hobblinaiſky* again, if the great Cham of the *Calmucks* were to come over himſelf. Hey! and what a damn'd Language he has got? Whee, haw, haw! but you ſpeak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long reſident in the Country.

Cad. May be ſo, but he ſeems to ſpeak it better; you have a foreign Kind of an Accent, you don't ſound it thro' the Noſe ſo well as he. Hey! well, *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. *Cape?*

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine Doings ſince you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the Storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the Matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the Devil is in the Poet, I tink.

Cad. The Devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why here he has been making Love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which Way?

Mrs. Cad. Why ſome on't was out of his Poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this Morning he took me for King *Turnus*, you; now who can tell but this Afternoon he may take you for Queen *Dido*?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you! Mr. *Cape*, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye ſee, a very unfriendly Thing to make Love to *Becky* in my Abſence.

Cape. But, Sir!

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. *Cape*, to take this Advantage, as you know ſhe is but a fooliſh Woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay! me, who am but a fooliſh Woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky!* And for a Man of your Parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is juſt as if the Grand Signior,

Signior, at the Head of his Janiſaries, was to kick a Chimney-ſweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you ſay, *Dicky*; what! be I like a Chimney-ſweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, *Beck*; hey! no: That's only by Way of Simile, to let him ſee I underſtand your Tropes and Figures as well as himſelf, egad! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. *Cadwallader!*——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. *Sprightly*; he is the firſt Poet I ever had in my Houſe, except the Bellman for a Chriſtmas Box.

Spri. Good Sir!

Cad. And hold, hold; I am reſolved he ſhall be the laſt.

Spri. I have but one Way to ſilence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I muſt tell him; he owes his Reception here to my Recommendation; any Abuſe of your Goodneſs, any Breach of Hoſpitality here, he is anſwerable to me for.

Cad. Hey? hold, hold, ſo he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful Monſter! and is this your Return for the open, generous Treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd Cow-heel, with a roaſt Fowl and Sauſages, as ever came to a Table.

Cad. Huſh, *Beck*, huſh!——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other Object but Mr. *Cadwallader*, a Man, perhaps, poſſeſſed of a Genius ſuperior to your own——

Cad. If I had had an Univerſity Education——

Spri. And of a Family as old as the Creation.

Cad. Older! *Beck*, fetch the Pedegree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this Gentleman; but now, Sir, what Apology can you make me, who was your paſſport, your Security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him!

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myſelf, if I had not had the Meaſles laſt Winter; but ſtay till I get out of the Room.

Spri. No, he's ſure of a Protection here, the Preſence of the Ladies.

Cad. Pſhaw! Pox! they belong to the Family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No Excuſe? No Palliation?

Cad. Ay, no Palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no Tribulation? It's a Shame, ſo it is.

Cape. When I have Leave to ſpeak———

Cad. Speak! what the Devil can you ſay?

Cape. Nay, Sir———

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. *Cadwallader*, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And firſt to you, *Mr. Sprightly*, as you ſeem more intereſted; pray does this Charge correſpond with any other Action of my Life ſince I have had the Honour to know you? ———

Spri. Indeed, I can't ſay that I recollect, but ſtill as the Scholiaſts ſay—*Nemo repente turpiſſimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why that is as much as to ſay, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By Goſh! and ſo it is.

Cad. Ecod, and ſo it is. Speak a little more *Latin* to him; if I had been bred at the Univerſity, you ſhould have it both Sides of your Ears.

Cape.

Cape. A little Patience, Gentlemen. Now, Sir, to you; you were pleaſed yourſelf to drop a few Hints of your Lady's Weakneſs; might not ſhe take too ſeriouſly what was meant as a meer Matter of Merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry Excuſe; can any Woman be ſuch a Fool as not to know when a Man has a Deſign upon her Perſon?

Cad. Anſwer that, Mr. *Cape*, hey! anſwer that.

Cape. I can only anſwer for the Innocency of my own Intentions; may not your Lady, apprehenſive of my becoming too great a Favourite, contrive this Charge with a View of deſtroying the Connexion ———

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, Connexion!

Spri. There's ſomething in that.——

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right——— You're right, Mr. *Cape*; hold *Becky*, my Dear, how the Devil cou'd you be ſo wicked, hey! Child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the Wickedneſs to attempt to deſtroy the Connexion?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you ſay.

Cad. D'y'e hear? You are an Incendiary, but you have miſs'd your Point; the connexion ſhall be only the ſtronger. My dear Friend, I beg ten thouſand Pardons, I was too haſty; but ecod, *Becky*'s to blame.

Cape. The Return of your Favour has effaced every other Impreſſion.

Cad There's a good-natured Creature!

Cape. But if you have the leaſt Doubts remaining, this Lady, your Siſter, I believe, will do me the Juſtice to own ———

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, aſk my Fellow if I be a Thief

Cad. What the Devil is *Becky* at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he! Hey! how! what the Devil, ſhe did not make Love to you too? Stop, hey, hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, Fooliſh, but you are always running on with your Riggmonrowles, and won't ſtay to hear a Body's Story out.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, firſt he made Love to me, and wanted me to be a Hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimſical; a hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be becauſe he thought you a little hare-brain'd already. *Becky*, a damn'd good Story. Well, *Becky*, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, ſo I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your Tongue then; And ſo there he was going on with his Nonſenſe, and ſo in came our *Bell*; and ſo——

Cad. Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your So's; go on, Child, but leave out your So's; it's a low—hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

Mrs Cad. Why how can I go on when you ſtop me every Minute? Well, and then our *Bell* came in and interrupted him; and methought ſhe looked very frumpiſh and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And ſo I went out and liſten'd.

Cad. So; what you ſtaid and liſten'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my ſtaying, ſhe

ſhe went out; no——— upon my going out, ſhe ſtaid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind Story, but go on, *Beck.*

Mrs. Cad. And then at firſt ſhe ſcolded him roundly for making Love to me; and then he ſaid as how ſhe adviſed him to it; and then ſhe ſaid no; and then he ſaid ———

Cad. Hold, hold; we ſhall never underſtand all theſe He's and She's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but hold, hold; as I hope to be ſav'd, thou are the worſt Teller of a Story——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a Word more; and then he ſaid as how I was a great Fool.

Cad. Not much miſtaken in that. (*Aſide*

Mrs. Cad. And that he would not have ſtayed with Me a Minute, but to pave the Way to the Poſſeſſion of She?

Cad. Well, *Beck*, well?

Mrs. Cad. And ſo——that's all.

Cad. Make Love to Her, in order to get Poſſeſſion of You?

Mrs. Cad. Love to Me, in Order to get She.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to underſtand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell?* Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to ſmoke, hey! Mr. *Cape*!

Cape. How ſhall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir, I have a Reaſon.

Cad. Well, what ſay you, Mr. *Cape?* Let's have it without Equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental Reſervation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what! Hold, hold, of making Love to *Bell.*

Cape. Guilty.

Cad.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, Zounds! No, what not with an Intention to marry her?

Cafe. With the Lady's Approbation, and your kind Conſent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my Conſent to marry You?

Cafe. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; what our *Bell* to mix the Blood of the *Cadwalladers* with the Puddle of a Poet!

Cafe. Sir!

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

Spri. But Mr.——

Cad. A ſcribbling, hold, hold, hold,——— Garretteer! that has no more Cloathes than Backs, no more Heads than Hats, and no Shoes to his Feet.

Spri. Nay, but——

Cad. The Offſpring of a Dunghill! born in a Celler. Hold, hold,— and living in a Garret! a Fungus! a Muſhroom!

Cafe. Sir, my Family——

Cad. Your Family! Hold, hold, hold.—*Peter*, fetch the Pedigree; I'll ſhew you—— Your Family! a little obſcure—— hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a Grandfather.——

Enter PETER *with the Pedigree.*

There it is; there; *Peter*, help me to ſtretch it out: There's ſeven Yards more of Lineals, beſides three of Collaterals, that I expect next *Monday* from the Herald's Office; d'ye ſee, Mr. *Sprightly?*

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but looky' there's *Welch* Princes, and Ambaſſadors,

Ambadors, and Kings of *Scotland*, and Members of Parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my Pedigree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* wou'd a Sergeant in the Train'd Bands.

Spri. An amazing Deſcent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, louſy, Son of a Shoemaker, to talk of Families—hold, hold, get out of my Houſe.

Rob. Now is your Time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. *Sprightly*, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a Secret to diſcloſe, that may make you alter your Intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr. *Interpreter?*

Gov. You are now to regard that young Man in a very different Light, and conſider him as my Son.

Cape. Your, Son, Sir!

Gov. In a Moment, *George*, the Myſteries ſhall be explain'd.

Cad. Your Son! Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the Scribbler, the Muſhroom you have deſcribed; but of Birth and Fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the Son of an Interpreter equal to Me. A Fellow that trudges about, teaching of Languages to foreign Counts!

Gov. A Teacher of Languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a Runner to Monſieurs and Marquiſſes!

Spri. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Cad. A Jack-pudding! that takes Fillips on the Noſe for Six-pence a Piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me Eighteen-pennyworth, and change for Half a Crown.

Gov.

Gov. Stop when you are well.

Cad. A Spunger at other Men's Tables! that has Jallop put into his Beer, and his Face black'd at Chriſtmas for the Diverſion of Children.

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir, who is it you dare treat in this Manner?

Cad. Hey, Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him

Spri. Calm your Choler. Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing cou'd excuſe your Behaviour to this Gentleman but your miſtaking his Perſon.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he Interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a Miſtake. This Gentleman is the Prince's Friend; and by long Reſidence in the Monarch's Country is perfect Maſter of the Language.

Cad. But who the Devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a Man of unblemiſh'd Honour, capital Fortune, and late Governor of one of our moſt conſiderable Settlements.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you Father to——hey!——

Gov. By marrying his Mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a ſolemn Truth; that foreign Friend, to whom you owe your Education was no other than myſelf; I had my Reaſons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they ceaſe, and I am proud to own my Son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me (*kneeling*,) but if Gratitude, Duty filial——

Gov. Riſe, my Boy, I have ventured far to fix thy Fortune, *George*; but to find thee worthy of it

it more than o'erpays my Toil; the Reſt of my Story ſhall be reſerv'd till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good ſenſible old Fellow this; but harky' *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd Blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. *Governor*, I aſk ten thouſand Pardons; but who the Devil cou'd have thought that the Interpreter to Prince *Potowowſky*——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your Power ſufficient Means to atone for the Injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By beſtowing your Siſter with, I flatter myſelf, no great Violence to her Inclinations here.

Cad. What, marry *Bell?* Hey! Hold, hold; Zounds, *Bell*, take him, do; 'ecod, he is a good likely—— hey? Will you?

Arab. I ſhan't diſobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the Devil knows but he may come to be a Governor himſelf; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your Hands both; (*Joins their Hands*) There, there, the Buſineſs is done. And now, Brother *Governor*——

Gov. And now, Brother *Cadwallader*.

Cad. Hey, *Beck!* Here's ſomething now for my Pedigree; we'll pop in the *Governor* to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Harky' Mr. *Governor*, can you give me a black Boy and a Monkey?

Cad. Hey! ay, ay, you ſhall have a black Boy, and a Monkey, and a Parrot too, *Beck*.

Spri. Dear *George*, I am a little late in my Congratulations; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your diſintereſted Friendſhip, I ſhall be ſorry I ever

own'd

own'd him. Now, *Robin*, my Cares are over, and my Wiſhes full; and, if George remains as untainted by Affluence as he has been untempted by Diſtreſs, I have given the Poor a Protector, his Country an Advocate, and the World a Friend.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

THE

ENGLISHMAN

Returned from *PARIS.*

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

[Price One Shilling.]

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IN TWO ACTS.

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By *SAMUEL FOOTE*, ESQ.

The THIRD EDITION.

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M, DCC, LXXX.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN

By Mr. FOOTE.

OF all the Paſſions that poſſeſs Mankind,
The Love of Novelty rules moſt the Mind,
In Search of this, from Realm to Realm we roam,
Our Fleets come fraught with every Folly home.
From Lybia's Deſarts hoſtile Brutes advance,
And dancing Dogs in Droves ſkip here from France,
From Latian Lands Gigantic Forms appear,
Striking our Britiſh Breaſts with Awe and Fear,
As once the Lilliputians——Gulliver,
Not only Objects that affect the Sight,
In foreign Arts and Artiſts we delight,
Near to that Spot where Charles beſtrides a Horſe,
In humble Proſe the Place is Charing Croſs;
Cloſe by the Margin of a Kennel's Side,
A dirty diſmal Entry opens wide,
There, with hoarſe Voice, check'd Shirt and callous Hand,
Duff's *Indian Engliſh Trader takes his Stand,*
Surveys each Paſſenger with curious Eyes,
And ruſtic Roger *falls an eaſy Prize,*
Here's China Porcelaine that Chelſea yields,
And India Handkerchiefs from Spittalfields.

With

With Turkey Carpets that from Wilton *came,*
And Spaniſh Tucks and Blades from Bermingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this Deceit,
And Engliſh Goods are ſmuggled through the Street.
The rude to poliſh, and the Fair to pleaſe,
The Hero of to Night has croſs'd the Seas,
Tho' to be born a Briton *be his Crime,*
He's manufactur'd in another Clime.
'Tis Buck *begs leave once more to come before ye,*
The little Subject of a former Story,
How chang'd, how faſhion'd, whether Brute or Beau,
We truſt the following Scenes will fully ſhew.
For them and him we your Indulgence crave,
'Tis ours ſtill to ſin and yours to ſave.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the Arts to make a Piece go down,
And fix the fickle Favour of the Town,
An Epilogue *is deem'd the ſureſt Way*
To atone for all the Errors of the Play:
Thus, when pathetic Strains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muſe, and wipes your Eye.
With equal Reaſon, when ſhe has made you laugh,
Melpomene *ſhould ſend you ſniveling off:*
But our Bard, unequal to the Taſk,
Rejects the Dagger, and retains the Maſque:
Fain would he ſend you chearful home To-night,
And harmleſs Mirth by honeſt Means excite;
Scorning with luſcious Phraſe or double Senſe,
To raiſe a Laughter at the Fair's Expence.
What Method ſhall we chooſe your Taſte to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little Wit?
Thank ye kind Souls, I'll take it from the Pit.
The Piece concluded, and the Curtain down,
Up ſtarts that fatal Phalanx, *call'd* The Town:
In full Aſſembly weigh our Author's Fate,
And Surly *thus commences the Debate:*
Pray, among Friends, does not this poiſoning Scene
The ſacred Rights of Tragedy prophane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful Bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, ſtark naught, upon my Soul!

Then

Then Buck *cries*, Billy, *can it be in Nature?*
Not the leaſt Likeneſs in a ſingle Feature.
My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious Piece;
Let's come on Friday *Night and have a Hiſs,*
To this a Peruquier aſſents with Joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In ſuch Diſtreſs what can the Poet do?
Where ſeek for Shelter when theſe Foes purſue?
He dares demand Protection, Sirs, from you.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

BUCK	Mr. *Foote.*
CRAB	Mr. *Sparks.*
LORD JOHN	Mr. *White.*
MACRUTHEN	Mr. *Shuter.*
RACKET	Mr. *Cuſhin.*
TALLYHOE	Mr. *Coſtollo.*
LATITAT	Mr. *Dunſtall.*
SURGEON	Mr. *Wignel.*
LUCINDA	Mrs. *Bellamy.*

La Jonquil, Le Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

ACT I.

CRAB *discovered reading.*

AND *I do constitute my very good Friend,* Giles Crab, *Esq; of* St. Martin's in the Fields, *Executor to this my Will; and do appoint him Guardian to my Ward* Lucinda; *and do submit to his Direction, the Management of all my Affairs, till the Return of my Son from his Travels; whom I do intreat my said Executor in Consideration of our ancient Friendship, to advise, to counsel,* &c. &c.

JOHN BUCK.

A good, pretty Legacy! Let's see; I find myself Heir, by this generous Devise of my very good Friend, to ten Actions at Common Law, nine Suits in Chancery, the Conduct of a Boy, bred a Booby at Home, and finished a Fop abroad; together with the Direction of a marriageable, and, therefore, an unmanageable Wench; and all this to an old Fellow of Sixty six, who heartily hates Bus'nets, is tired of the World, and despises every Thing in it. Why how the Devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Latitat* of *Staple's Inn.*

Crab. So, here begin my Plagues. Shew the Hound in.

Enter Latitat, *with a Bag*, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr. *Crab*, have attended your Summons immediately, but I was obliged to ſign Judgment in Error at the Common Pleas; ſue out of the Exchequer a Writ of *Que minus*, and ſurrender in *Banco Regis* the Defendant, before the Return of the *Sci fa*, to diſcharge the Bail.

Crab. Pr'ythee, Man, none of thy unintelligible Law Jargon to me; but tell me, in the Language of common Senſe, and thy Country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. *Crab*, as you are already poſſeſs'd of a *Probat*, and Letters of Adminiſtration *de Bonis*, are granted, you may ſue, or, be ſued; I hold it ſound Doctrine for no Executor to diſcharge Debts, without a Receipt upon Record: This can be obtained by no Means, but by an Action. Now Actions, Sir, are of various Kinds: There are ſpecial Actions, Actions on the Caſe, or *Aſſumpſit's*; Actions of Trover, Actions of *Clauſum fregit*, Actions of Battery, Actions of——

Crab. Hey, the Devil, where's the Fellow running now?—But hark'ee, *Latitat*, why I thought all our Law Proceedings were directed to be in *Engliſh*.

Lat. True, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. And what do you call all this Stuff, ha!

Lat. *Engliſh*.

Crab. The Devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my Honour, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. For, as Lord *Coke* deſcribes the Common Law, to be the Perfection—

Crab. So, here's a freſh Deluge of Impertinence. A Truce to thy Authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impoſſible to underſtand thee without an Interpreter, if you will meet me at Five, at Mr. *Brief's* Chambers, why, if you have any thing to ſay, he will tranſlate it for me.

Lat. Mr. *Brief*, Sir, and tranſlate, Sir!— Sir I would have you to know that no Practitioner in *Weſtminſter Hall*, gives clearer—

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which Reaſon I have referred you to a Man who never goes into *Weſtminſter Hall.*

Lat. A bad Proof of his Practice, Mr. *Crab.*

Crab. A good one of his Principles, M. *Latitat.*

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a Lawyer—

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I never thought about a Lawyer. The Law is an oracular Idol, you are the explanatory Miniſters; nor ſhou'd any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beaſtly *Baal.* I had rather loſe a Cauſe, than conteſt it. And had not this old, doating Dunce, Sir *John Buck*, plagu'd me with the Management of his Money, and the Care of his Booby Boy, Bedlam ſhou'd ſooner have had me, than the Bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the Bar! Since, Sir, I am provok'd, I don't know what your Choice may be, or what your Friends may chooſe for

you; I wiſh I was your *prochain Ami*: But I am under ſome Doubts as to the Sanity of the Teſtator, otherwiſe he could not have choſen for his Executor, under the Sanction of the Law, a Perſon who deſpiſes the Law. And the Law, give me Leave to tell you, Mr. *Crab*, is the Bulwark, the Fence, the Protection, the *ſine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*———

Crab. Mercy, good Six and Eight-pence.

Lat. The Defence and Offence, the by which, and the whereby, the Statute common and cuſtomary, or as *Plowden* claſſically and elegantly expreſſes it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, Conſulta Sonatus,
Hæc tria Jus ſtatuunt Terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your Laws, are there none to protect a Man in his own Houſe?

Lat. Sir, a Man's Houſe is his *Caſtellum*, his Caſtle; and ſo tender is the Law of any Infringement of that ſacred Right, that any Attempt to invade it by Force, Fraud, or Violence, clandeſtinely, or *Vi & Armis*, is not only deem'd *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, Sir, a Burglary may be committed, either upon the Dwelling, or the Out-houſe.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Clerk, Sir——The Parties, he ſays, are all in waiting at your Chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but juſt explain to Mr.

Mr. *Crab*, the Nature of a Burglary, as it has been deſcrib'd by a late Statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I have not the leaſt Curioſity.

Lat. Sir, but every Gentleman ſhou'd know——

Crab. I won't know. Beſides, your Clients-—

Lat. O, they may ſtay. I ſha'nt take up five Minutes, Sir,——A Burglary——

Crab. Not an Inſtant.

Lat. By the Common Law———

Crab. I'll not hear a Word.

Lat. It was but a *Clauſtrium fregit.*

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late Acts of Par——

Crab. Help, you Dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my Houſe.

Serv. Your Clients, Sir——

Crab. Puſh him out [*the Lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee Raſcal, if you ſuffer that Fellow to enter my Doors again, I'll ſtrip and diſcard you the very Minute. [*Exit Serv.*] This is but the Beginning of my Torments. But that I expect the young Whelp from abroad, every Inſtant, I'd fly for it myſelf, and quit the Kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young Maſter's travelling Tutor, Sir, juſt arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I ſuppoſe, the Blockhead of a Baronet is cloſe at his Heels. Show him in. This Bear-leader, I reckon now, is ei-

ther the clumſey Curate of the Knight's Pariſh Church, or ſome needy Highlander, the Outcaſt of his Country, who, with the Pride of a *German* Baron, the Poverty of a *French* Marquis, the Addreſs of a *Swiſs* Soldier, and the Learning of an Academy Uſher, is to give our Heir apparent Politeneſs, Taſte, Literature; a perfect Knowledge of the World, and of himſelf.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am your devoted Servant.

Crab. Oh, a *Britiſh* Child, by the Meſs.—— Well, where's your Charge?

Mac. O, the young Baronet is o'the Road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rocheſter*, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a High-way-man.

Crab. Robb'd! what the Devil cou'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude Troth, not a mighty Booty. *Buchanan's* Hiſtory, *Lauder* againſt *Melton*, and two Pound of high-dry'd *Glaſcow*.

Crab. A good travelling Equipage. Well, and what's become of your Cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles*? I left him at *Calais*, with another young Nobleman, returning from his Travels. But why caw ye him Cub, Maiſter *Crab*? In gude troth, there's a meeghty Alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a ſhrewd Gueſs at his Improvements.

Mac.

Mac. He's quite a Phœnomenon.

Crab. Oh, a Comet, I dare ſwear, but not an unuſual one, at *Paris*. The Faux-bourg of St. *Germains*, ſwarms with ſuch, to the no ſmall Amuſement of our very good Friends, the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the Language, I ſuppoſe, he's a perfect Maſter of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite Maiſter of the Accent.

Crab. A moſt aſtoniſhing Progreſs!

Mac. Suſpend your Judgment awhile, and you'll find him all you wiſh, allowing for the Sallies of Juvenility; and muſt take the Vanity to myſelf of being, in a great Meaſure, the Author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful Copy of the admirable Original, he muſt be a finiſh'd Piece.

Mac. You are pleaſed to Complement.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I ſuppoſe you, and your—what's your Name—?

Mac. Macruthen, at your Service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your Pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young Gentleman is of an amiable Diſpoſition.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it wou'd be wrong to ſowre his Temper. You knew your Duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maiſter *Crab*.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means Maſter *Macruthen*; all your Bus'neſs was to keep him out of Frays; to take care, for the ſake of his Health, that his Wine was genuine, and his Miſtreſſes as they ſhou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I ſuppoſe?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront——

Crab. To ſuppoſe the contrary would be the Affront, Mr. Tutor. What, Man, you know the World. 'Tis not by Contradiction, but by Compliance, that Men make their Fortunes. and was it for you to thwart the Humour of a Lad upon the Threſhold of ten thouſand Pounds a Year?

Mac. Why, to be ſure, great Allowances muſt be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I ſee, Maiſter *Crab*, you know Mankind. You are Sir *John Buck's* Executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little Thought that may be uſeful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a Hond o'the young Baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the Will, have the Care o'the Caſh; and I caw make a Shift to manage the Lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And ſo between us both, we may contrive to eaſe him of that Inheritance which he knows not how proper-

ly

ly to employ; and apply it to our own Uſe. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a ſuperlative Raſcal art thou, thou inhoſpitable Villain! Under the Roof, and in the Preſence, of thy Benefactor's Repreſentative, with almoſt his ill-beſtowed Bread in thy Mouth, art thou plotting the Perdition of his only Child! And, from what Part of my Life, didſt thou derive a Hope of my Compliance with ſuch a helliſh Scheme?

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am of a Nation——

Crab. Of known Honour and Integrity; I allow it. The Kingdom you have quitted, in conſigning the Care of its Monarch, for Ages, to your Predeceſſors, in Preference to its proper Subjects, has given you a brilliant Panegyric, that no other People can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be ſure——

Crab. And one Happineſs it is, that though national Glory can beam a Brightneſs on Particulars, the Crimes of Individuals can never reflect a Diſgrace upon their Country. Thy Apology but aggravates thy Guilt.

Mac. Why, Maiſter *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and Confuſion choak thy Utterance. Avoid my Sight. Vaniſh. [*Exit Mac.*] A fine Fellow this, to protect the Perſon, inform the Inexperience, direct and moderate the Deſires of an unbridled Boy! But can it be ſtrange, whilſt the Parent negligently accepts a ſuperficial Recommendation to ſo important a Truſt, that the Perſon whoſe

whoſe Wants, perhaps, more than his Abilities make deſirous of it, ſhou'd conſider the Youth as a Kind of Property, and not ſtudy what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a Foundation for his future ſordid Hopes, by a criminal Compliance with the Lad's preſent prevailing Paſſions? But Vice and Folly rule the World—Without, there. [*enter* Serv.] Raſcal, where d'you run, Block-head? Bid the Girl come hither.—Freſh Inſtances, every Moment, fortify my Abhorrence, my Deteſtation of Mankind. This Turn may be term'd Miſanthropy; and imputed to Chagrin and Diſappointment. But it can only be by thoſe Fools, who, through Softneſs or Ignorance, regard the Faults of others, like their own, through the wrong End of the Perſpective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I ſuppoſe your Spirits are all a-float. You have heard your Fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your uſual Diſcernment, Sir, you wou'd diſtinguiſh, in my Countenance, an Expreſſion very different from that of Joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I ſuppoſe your Monkey has broke his Chain, or your Parrot dy'd in moulting.

Luc. A Perſon leſs cenſorious than Mr. *Crab*, might aſſign a more generous Motive for my Diſtreſs.

Crab. Diſtreſs! a pretty, poetical Phraſe What Motive canſt thou have for Diſtreſs? Has not Sir *John Buck's* Death aſſured thy Fortune? and art not thou——

Luc.

Luc. By that very Means, a helpleſs, unprotected Orphan.

Crab. Pho', pr'ythee Wench, none of thy romantic Cant to me. What, I know the Sex: The Objects of every Woman's Wiſh, are Property and Power. The firſt you have, and the ſecond you won't be long without; for here's a Puppy riding Poſt to put on your Chains.

Luc. It wou'd appear Affectation not to underſtand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that Subject I wiſh'd to engage you.

Crab. Your Information was needleſs; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why ſo ſevere? I did flatter myſelf that the very warm Recommendation of your deceaſed Friend, wou'd have abated a little of that Rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy*. Age and Contempt have long ſhut theſe Gates againſt Flattery and Diſſimulation. You have no Sex for me. Without Preface, ſpeak your Purpoſe.

Luc. What then, in a Word, is your Advice with regard to my marrying Sir *Charles Buck?*

Crab. And do you ſeriouſly want my Advice?

Luc. Moſt ſincerely.

Crab. Then you are a Blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourſelf? Is not he a Fool, a Fortune, and in Love?—Look'ee, Girl. [*Enter* Servant.] Who ſent for you, Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young Maſter's Poſt-chaiſe is broke down, at the Corner of the Street, by a Coal-cart. His Cloaths are all Dirt, and he ſwears like a Trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his Chaiſe to the Coach-maker's, his Coat to a Scowerer's, and him before a Juſtice.——Pr'ythee why doſt trouble me? I ſuppoſe you wou'd not meet your Gallant.

Luc. Do you think I ſhou'd?

Crab. No, retire. And if this Application for my Advice, is not a Copy of your Countenance, a Maſk; if you are obedient, I may ſet you right.

Luc. I ſhall, with Pleaſure, follow your Directions. *Exit.*

Crab. Yes, ſo long as they correſpond with your own Inclination. Now we ſhall ſee what *Paris* has done for this Puppy. But here he comes; light as the Cork in his Heels; or the Feather in his Hat.

Enter Buck, *Lord* John, La Loire, Bearnois *and* Macruthen.

Buck. Not a *Word, mi Lor! jernie*, it is not to be ſupported!——after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *Pavé*, to be tumbled into a Kennel, by a filthy *Charbonnier*; a dirty Retailer of Sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. *J.* An Accident that might have happened any where, Sir *Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous Hootings of that deteſtable *Canaille*, that murtherous Mob, with

with the barbarous-Monſieur in the Mud, huzza! Ah, *Païs ſauvage, barbare, inhoſpitable!* ah, ah, *qu'eſt ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maiſter *Crab*, your Father's Executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, Monſieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac* my Lor, *mort de ma Vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roaſt-beef* of the *French* Comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monſieur-Jack-Roaſt-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Pr'ythee take a Turn or two about the Room.

Buck. A Turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your Life, ſeen any Thing ſo, ha ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many Spectators of your Tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why ſo?

Crab. Becauſe I wou'd not have the public Curioſity foreſtalled. I can't but think, in a Country ſo fond of ſtrange Sights if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of Money.

Buck. I don't know, my Dear, what my Perſon wou'd produce in this Country, but the Counterpart of your very groteſque Figure has been extremely beneficial to the Comedians from whence I came. *N'eſt-ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. *J.* The Reſemblance does not ſtrike me. Perhaps, I may ſeem ſingular; but the particular Cuſtoms of particular Countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper Objects of Ridicule.

Buck.

Buck. Why ſo?

Ld. *J.* Becauſe, in this Caſe, it is impoſſible to have a Rule for your Judgment. The Forms and Cuſtoms which Climate, Conſtitution and Government have given to one Kingdom, can never be tranſplanted with Advantage to another, founded on different Principles. And thus, though the Habits and Manners of different Countries may be directly oppoſite, yet, in my humble Conception, they may be ſtrictly, becauſe naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are ſome Glimmerings of Common-ſenſe about this young Thing. Harkee, Child, by what Accident did you ſtumble upon this Blockhead? [*to* Buck.] I ſuppoſe the Line of your Underſtanding is too ſhort to fathom the Depth of your Companion's Reaſoning.

Buck. My dear [*gapes.*]

Crab. I ſay, you can draw no Concluſion from the above Premiſes.

Buck. Who I? Damn your Premiſes, and Concluſions too. But this I conclude, from what I have ſeen, my dear, that the *French* are the firſt People in the Univerſe; that, in the Arts of living, they do or ought to give Laws to the whole World, and that whoſoever wou'd either eat, drink, dreſs, dance, fight, ſing, or even ſneeze, *avec Elegance*, muſt go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my Creed.

Crab. And theſe precious Principles you are come hee to propagate.

Buck. C'eſt vrai, Monſieur Crab: and with the

the Aid of theſe Brother Miſſionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many Proſelytes. And now for a Detail of their Qualities. *Bearnoiz, avances.* This is an Officer of my Houſehold, unknown to this Country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the Puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiſs Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce Figure, to guard the Gate of an Hôtel.

Crab. What do you ſuppoſe that we have no Porters?

Buck. Yes, you have Dunces that open Doors; a Drudgery that this Fellow does by Deputy. But for Intrepidity in denying a diſagreeable Viſitor; for Politeneſs in introducing a Miſtreſs, Acuteneſs in diſcerning, and Conſtancy in excluding a Dun, a greater Genius never came from the *Cantons.*

Crab. Aſtoniſhing Qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *Bijou*, here's a Jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil Creature! This, *Monſieur Crab*, is my Cook *La Loire*, and for *Hors d'Oeuvres, Entre Rotis, Ragoûts, Entremets*, and the Diſpoſition of a Deſert, *Paris* never ſaw his Parallel.

Crab. His Wages, I ſuppoſe, are proportioned to his Merit.

Buck.

Buck. A Bagatelle, a Trifle. Abroad but a bare Two Hundred. Upon his cheerful Compliance, in coming hither into Exile with me, I have, indeed, doubled his Stipend.

Crab. You could do no leſs.

Buck. And now, Sir, to compleat my Equipage, *regardez Monſieur La Jonquil*, my firſt *Valet de Chambre*, excellent in every Thing: but *pour l'Accommodage*, for decorating the Head, inimitable. In one Word, *La Jonquil* ſhall, for fifty to five, knot, twiſt, tye, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any *Garçon Perruquier*, from the Land's End, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite Fund of public Spirit muſt you have, to drain your Purſe, mortify your Inclination, and expoſe your Perſon, for the meer Improvement of your Countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at preſent, I had another Reaſon for Returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a Likelihood of ſome little Fracas, between us. But, upon my ſoul, we muſt be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable Creatures, for a Trifle.

Crab. They have your Affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite Civility ſhewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly Profeſſions in Favour of our Country, they can never intend us an Injury.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their Humour to a Hair. But I can have no longer Patience with the Puppy. Civility and Friendſhip, you Booby! Yes, their Civility, at *Paris*, has not left you a Guinea in your Pocket, nor wou'd their Friendſhip to your Nation leave it a Foot of Land in the Univerſe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a ſtrange old Fellow. Take my Word for it, my Dear, you miſtake this Thing egregiouſly. But all you *Engliſh* are conſtitutionally ſullen.—November-Fogs, with Salt boil'd Beef, are moſt curſed Recipes for Good-humour, or a quick Apprehenſion. *Paris* is the Place. 'Tis there Men laugh, love and live! *Vive l'Amour! Sans Amour, & ſans ſes Deſirs, un Cœur eſt bien moins heureux qu'il ne penſe.*

Crab. Now wou'd not any Soul ſuppoſe that this yelping Hound had a real Reliſh for the Country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural Suppoſition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and Affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a Kind of Purgatory, ha, my Dear?

Crab. To thee the moſt ſolitary Spot upon Earth, my Dear.——Familiar Puppy!

Buck. Whimſical enough. But come, *pour paſſer le Tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little Debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the Diſpute between that Source of Delights, *ce Paradis de Plaiſir*, and this Cave of Care, this Seat of Scurvy and the Spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maiſter *Crab* has met with his Match.

Buck. And firſt for the great Pleaſure of Life, the Pleaſure of the Table; Ah, *quelle Difference!* The Eaſe, the Wit, the Wine, the *Badinage*, the *Perciflage*, the *double Entendre*, the *Chanſons à boire*, Oh, what delicious Moments have I paſs'd *chez Madame la Ducheſſe de Barbouliac.*

Crab. Your Miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it poſſible for a Woman of her Rank, to have a *Penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac!*

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a Man of Honour to blab. But, to ſay Truth, the whole City of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious Fellow this!

Buck. Taiſez vous, Mac. But we loſe the Point in View. Now, *Monſieur Crab*, let me conduct you to what you call an Entertainment. And firſt, the melancholy Miſtreſs is fixed in her Chair, where, by the bye, ſhe is condemn'd to do more Drudgery than a Dray-horſe. Next proceeds the Maſter, to marſhal the Gueſts, in which as much Caution is neceſſary, as at a Coronation, with, "My Lady, ſit here," and, "Sir *Thomas*, ſit there," till the Length of the Ceremony, with the Length of the Grace, have deſtroy'd all Apprehenſions of the Meat's burning your Mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' ſay Sir *Charles* was a Phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, Puppy.

Buck.

Buck. Then, in ſolemn Silence, they proceed to demoliſh the Subſtantials, with, perhaps, an occaſional Interruption, of, "Here's "to you, Friends, "Hob or Nob," "Your "Love and mine." Pork ſucceeds to Beef, Pies to Puddings: The Cloth is remov'd: Madam, drench'd with a Bumper, drops a Curteſy, and departs; leaving the jovial Hoſt, with his ſprightly Companions, to Tobacco, Port, and Politics. *Voilà un Repas à la Mode d'Angleterre, Monſieur Crab.*

Crab. It is a thouſand Pities that your Father is not a living Witneſs of theſe prodigious Improvements.

Buck. C'eſt vrai. But *à propos,* he is dead, as you ſay, and you are——

Crab. Againſt my Inclination, his Executor.

Buck. Peut être; well, and——

Crab. Oh, my Truſt will ſoon determine. One Article, indeed, I am ſtrictly enjoin'd to ſee perform'd; your Marriage with your old Acquaintance *Lucinda.*

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! *& comment*——

Crab. Pry'thee, Peace, and hear me. She is bequeath'd conditionally, that if you refuſe to marry her, twenty thouſand Pounds; and if ſhe rejects you, which I ſuppoſe ſhe will have the Wiſdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But cou'd not we have an *Entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourſelf in a more ſuitable Garb, upon a firſt Viſit to your Miſtreſs?

Crab. Oh, ſuch a Figure and Addreſs can derive no Advantage from Dreſs.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac's* Hint may not be ſo *mal à propos*, *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, ſhall I treſpaſs upon your Patience? My Toilette is but a Work of ten Minutes. *Mac*, diſpoſe of my Domeſtics *à leur aiſe*, and then attend me with my Portfeuille, and read, while I dreſs, thoſe Remarks I made in my laſt Voyage from *Fontainebleau* to *Compeigne*. *Serviteur Meſſieurs.*

Car le bon Vin
Du Matin
Sortant du Tonneau.
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. *Exit.*

Crab. This is the moſt conſummate Coxcomb! I told the Fool of a Father, what a Puppy *Paris* would produce him; but travel is the Word, and the Conſequence, an Importation of every foreign Folly: And thus the plain Perſons and Principles of old *England*, are ſo confounded and jumbl'd with the excrementitious Growth of every Climate, that we have loſt all our ancient Characteriſtic, and are become a Bundle of Contradictions; a Piece of Patch-work; a mere Harlequin's Coat.

Ld. *J.*

Ld. *J.* Do you ſuppoſe then, Sir, that no Good may be obtain'd———

Crab. Why, pry'thee, what have you gain'd?

Ld. *J.* I ſhou'd be ſorry my Acquiſitions were to determine the Debate. But do you think, Sir, the Shaking-off ſome native Qualities, and the being made more ſenſible, from Compariſon of certain national and conſtitutional Advantages, Objects unworthy the Attention?

Crab. You ſhew the favourable Side, young Man: But how frequently are ſubſtituted for national Prepoſſeſſions, always harmleſs, and often happy, guilty and unnatural Prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the Wretch who is weak and wicked enough to deſpiſe his Country, ſins againſt the moſt laudable Law of Nature; he is a Traitor to the Community, where Providence has placed him; and ſhou'd be deny'd thoſe ſocial Benefits he has render'd himſelf unworthy to partake. But ſententious Lectures are ill calculated for your Time of Life.

Ld. *J.* I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab.* Principles that call for perpetual Practice, cannot be too ſoon receiv'd. I ſincerely thank you, Sir, for this Communication, and ſhou'd be happy to have always near me ſo moral a Monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her Flattery. But I leave you with a Lady, where it will be better employ'd.

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young Man waits here, till your Puppy is powder'd. You may aſk him after your *French* Acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not ſeem to be altogether ſo great a Fool as your Fellow. *Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, Sir, you have had but a diſagreeable *Tête à Tête.*

Ld. *J.* Juſt the contrary, Madam. By Good-ſenſe, ting'd with Singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a Lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab's* Manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a Jot; I am familiarized to 'em I know his Integrity, and can never be diſoblig'd by his Sincerity.

Ld. *J.* This Declaration is a little particular, from a Lady who muſt have received her firſt Impreſſions in a Place remarkable for its Delicacy to the Fair Sex. But Good-ſenſe can conquer even early Habits.

Luc. This Compliment I can lay no claim to. The former Part of my Life, procured me but very little indulgence. The Pittance of Knowledge I poſſeſs, was taught me by a very ſevere Miſtreſs, Adverſity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck*, not to have known my Situation.

Ld. *J.* I have heard your Story, Madam, before I had the Honour of ſeeing you. It was affecting: You'll pardon the Declaration; it now becomes intereſting. However, it is impoſſible

poſſible I ſhou'd not congratulate you on the near Approach of the happy Cataſtrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the Will of another, a thouſand unforeſeen Accidents may interrupt.

Ld. *J.* Cou'd I hope, Madam, your preſent critical Condition wou'd acquit me of Temerity, I ſhou'd take the Liberty to preſume, if the Suit of Sir *Charles* be rejected—

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngſter! what, I ſuppoſe, you are already practiſing one of your foreign Leſſons. Perverting the Affections of a Friend's Miſtreſs, or debauching his Wife, are meer Peccadilloes, in modern Morality. But, at preſent, you are my Care. That Way conducts you to your Fellow-Traveller. [*Exit* Ld. J.] I wou'd ſpeak with you in the Library.

Exit.

Luc. I ſhall attend you, Sir. Never was ſo unhappy an Interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and Duty demand my Compliance with the dying Wiſh of my Benefactor, my friend, my Father. But am I then to ſacrifice all my future Peace? But reaſon not, raſh Girl; Obedience is thy Province.

Tho' hard the taſk, be it my Part to prove
That ſometimes Duty can give laws to Love.

ACT II.

ACT II.

Buck at his Toilet, attended by three *Valets de Chambres* and *Macruthen.*

MAC. Notwithſtanding aw his plain dea'ing, I doubt whether Maiſter *Crab* is ſo honeſt a Man.

Buck. Pr'ythee, *Mac*, name not the Monſter. If I may be permitted a Quotation from one of their paltry Poets,

Who is Knight of the Shire repreſents 'em all.

Did ever Mortal ſee ſuch *Mirroirs*, ſuch Looking-glaſs as they have here too? One might as well addreſs oneſelf, for Information, to a Bucket of Water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, aſſez. He bien, Mac, miſerable!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this Place; I really cou'd have forgiven my Father's living a Year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this. [*Enter* Lord John.]

My dear Lord, *je demande mille Pardons*, but the terrible Fracas in my Chaiſe had ſo gateed and diſordered my Hair, that it required an Age to adjuſt it.

Ld. *J.* No Apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been entertain'd very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. *J.* The very individual Lady that's ſoon to make you a happy Huſband.

Mac.

Buck. A happy who? Huſband! What two very oppoſite Ideas have you confounded *enſemble?* In my Conſcience, I believe there's Contagion in the Clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what Accident have you diſcovered, that I was upon the Point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un Mari! Diable?*

Ld. *J.* The Lady's Beauty and Merit, your Inclinations, and your Father's Injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Euck. And can't you ſuppoſe that the Lady's Beauty may be poſſeſs'd, her Merit rewarded, and my Inclinations gratify'd, without an abſolute Obedience to that Fatherly Injunction?

Ld. *J.* It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Thoſe Kind of Talents are not given to every Body. *Donnez moi mon Manchon.* And now you ſhall ſee me manage the Lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket*, and Sir *Toby Tallyhoe*, who call themſelves your Honour's old Acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the Brutes! By what Accident cou'd they diſcover my Arrival? My dear, dear Lor, aid me to eſcape this Embarras.

Racket *and* Tallyhoe *without.*

Hoic a Boy, Hoic a Boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of Hounds with them. But, they ſay, Forms keep

keep Fools at a Diſtance. I'll receive 'em *en Cérémonie.*

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey Boy, hoix my little *Buck.*

Buck. Monſieur le Chevalier, votre très humble Serviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monſieur Racket, Je ſuis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez-vous: Don't you know *French?*

Rack. Know *French!* No, nor you neither, I think. Sir *Toby*, foregad I believe the Papiſtes ha bewitch'd him in foreign Parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd, and transformed him too. Let me periſh, *Racket*, if I don t think he's like one of the folks we uſed tc read of at School, in *Ovid's Metamorphis*; that they have turned him into a Beaſt.

Rack. A Beaſt! No, a Bird, you Fool. Lookee, Sir *Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his Wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and ſo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the Woodcocks.

Buck. Voilâ des véritables Anglois. The ruſtic rude Ruffians!

Rack. Let us ſee what the Devil he has put upon his Pole, Sir *Toby.*

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your Diſtance.

Tally.

Tally. Nay, fore George, we will have a Scrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a Scrutiny.

Buck. En Gruce, La Jonquil, my Lor, protect me from theſe Pyrates.

Ld. *J.* A little Compaſſion, I beg, Gentlemen. Conſider, Sir *Charles* is upon a Viſit to his Bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a Bandbox; *Racket,* Hocks the Heels.

Rack. I have 'em, Knight. Foregad he is the very Reverſe of a Bantam Cock: His Comb's on his Feet, and his Feathers on his Head. Who have we got here! What are theſe three Fellows; Paſtry Cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired Accompliſhments, letting your Miſtreſs languiſh for a—but you have Company, I ſee.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpreſſibly happy. Theſe Gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my Arrival, with what I believe, they call in this Country, a Rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my Flight. But ſee if the Toads a'n't tumbling my Toilet.

Ld. *J.* Now's your Time, ſteal off; I'll cover your Retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to re-ſettle my *Cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille Fois, mon cher* my Lor.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby,* ſtole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our Purpoſe. You muſt know we intended to kick up a Riot, To-night, at the Play-houſe, and we wanted him of the Party; but that Fop wou'd ſwoon at the Sight of a Cudgel.

Ld. *J.* Pray, Sir, what is your Cauſe of Contention?

Tally. Cauſe of Contention, hey, Faith, I know nothing of the Matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demoliſh the Dancers.

Tally, True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. *J.* I beg to be excuſed.

Rack. May hap you are a Friend to the *French.*

Ld. *J.* Not I, indeed Sir. But, if the Occaſion will permit me a Pun, tho' I am far from being a Well-wiſher to their Arms, I have no Objection to the being entertained by their Legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come To-night, you'll ſplit your Sides with Laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faſter, than ever they have done ſince the Battle of *Blenheim.* Come along, *Racket.* *Exit.*

Ld. *J.* Was there ever ſuch a Contraſt?

Crab. Not ſo remote as you imagine; they are Scions from the ſame Stock, ſet in different Soils. The firſt Shrub, you ſee, flowers moſt prodi-

prodigally, but matures nothing; the laſt Slip, tho' ſtunted, bears a little Fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but ſtill the Growth of the Clime. Come, you'll follow your Friend. *Exit.*

Enter Lucinda, *with a Servant.*

Luc. When Mr. *Crab*, or Sir *Charles*, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither.

Exit. Serv.

How I long for an End to this important Interview! Not that I have any great Expectations from the Iſſue; but ſtill, in my Circumſtances, a State of Suſpence is, of all Situations, the moſt diſagreeable. But huſh, they come.

Enter Sir *Charles*, *Macruthen*, Ld. *John*, and *Crab.*

Buck Mac, announce me.

Mac, Madam, Sir *Charles Buck* craves the Honour of kiſſing your Hand.

Buck. Tres humble Serviteur. Et comment ſa porte Mademoiſelle. I am raviſh'd to ſee thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.—Eh bien, ma Reine!* Why, you look divinely, Child. But, *mon Infant*, they have dreſs'd you moſt diabolically. Why, what a *Coiffeuſe* muſt you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total Abſence of Rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a Cargo from *Deffreney* the Day of my Departure; ſhall I have the Honour to ſupply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir, but I confeſs myſelf a Convert to the chaſte Cuſtoms of this Country, and, with a commercial People, you know, Sir *Charles*, all Artifice——

Buck.

Buck. Artifice! You miſtake the Point, *ma Chere.* A proper Proportion of red, is an indiſpenſible Part of your Dreſs; and, in my private Opinion, a Woman might as well appear, in public, without Powder, or a Pettycoat.

Crab. And, in my private Opinion, a Woman who puts on the firſt, wou'd make very little Difficulty in pulling off the laſt.

Buck. Oh, Monſieur *Crab*'s Judgment muſt be deciſive in Dreſs. Well, and what Amuſements, what Spectacles, what Parties, what Contrivances, to conquer Father Time, that Foe to the Fair? I fancy one muſt *ennuier conſiderablement* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no Diſtreſs for Diverſions. We have an Opera.

Buck. Italien, I ſuppoſe, *pitoiable*, ſhocking, *aſſommant!* Oh, there is no ſupporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah mon Dieu! Ah, Chaſſé brillant Soleil,*

Brillant Soleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's Muſic and Melody.

Luc. What a Fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma Princeſſe.*

Luc. Oh, then we have Plays.

Buck. That I deny, Child.

Luc. No Plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The Aſſertion is a little whimſical.

Buck. Aye, that may be; you have here dramatic Things, farcical in their Compoſition, and ridiculous in their Repreſentation.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, I own myſelf unequal to the Controverſy; but, ſurely, *Shakeſpear*—My Lord, this Subject calls upon you for its Defence.

Crab. I know from what Fountain this Fool has drawn his Remarks; the Author of the *Chineſe Orphan*, in the Preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal Works of *Shakeſpear* monſtrous Farces.

Ld. *J.* Mr. *Crab* is right, Madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has ſtigmatized with a very unjuſt and a very invidious Appellation the principal Works of that great Maſter of the Paſſions; and his apparent Motive renders him the more inexcuſable.

Luc. What cou'd it be, my Lord?

Ld. *J.* The preventing his Countrymen from becoming acquainted with our Author; that he might be at Liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater Security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable Defamation.

Luc. And as to the Exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural Pathetic, and a ſpirited Expreſſion, no People upon Earth———

Buck. You are impos'd upon, Child; the *Lequeſne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gauſſen*, what Dignity, what Action! But, *á propos*, I have myſelf wrote a Tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. *En Verité, upon Voltaire's* Plan.

Crab.

Crab. That muſt be a precious Piece of Work.

Buck. It is now in Repetition at the *French* Comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gauſſen* perform the principal Parts. Oh, what an *Eclat!* What a Burſt will it make in the Parterre, when the King of *Ananamaboe* refuſes the Perſon of the Princeſs of *Cochineal!*

Luc. Do you remember the Paſſage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And firſt the King.

Ma chere Princeſſe, je vous aime, c'eſt vrai;
De ma Femme vous portez les charmants Attraits.
Mais ce n'eſt pas honnête pour un Homme, tel que moi,
De tromper ma Femme, ou de rompre ma Foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the Princeſs; ſhe is, as you may ſuppoſe, in extreme Diſtreſs.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. Mon grand Roy, mon Cher adorable,
Ayez pitié de moi; je ſuis inconſolable.

[Then he turns his Back upon her, at which, ſhe in a Fury,]

Monſtre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeſte,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteſte!

[*Then*

[Then he,]

Penſez vous, Madame, à me donner la Loi,
Vôtre Haine, votre Amour, ſont les mêmes
Choſes à moi.

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. *J.* Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's Paſſion and Poetry, and Reaſon and Rhime. Oh how I deteſt Blood, and blank Verſe! There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural, in the rich Rhimes of the *Theatre Francois!*

Ld. *J.* I did not know Sir *Charles* was ſo totally devoted to the *Belles Lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the Ton, the Taſte, I am every Night at the *Caffé* * *Procope*, and had not I had the Misfortune to be born in this curſt Country, I make no Doubt but you wou'd have ſeen my Name among the foremoſt of the *French* Academy.

Crab. I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that Difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your Countrymen ſhall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impoſſible. From the Barbarity of my Education, I muſt ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. En Verité?

Crab. En Verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

* A Coffee-houſe, oppoſite the French Comedy, where the Wits aſſemble every Evening.

Crab. But common Juſtice.

Mac. Nay, Maiſter *Crab* is in the Right, for I have often heard the French themſelves ſay, Is it poſſible that Gentleman can be *Britiſh?*

Buck. Obliging Creatures! And you all concur with them.

Crab. Entirely,

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. *J.* Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious Puppy! But we loſe Time. A Truce to this Trumpery. You have read your Father's Will!

Buck. No; I read no *Engliſh.* When *Mac* has turn'd it into *French,* I may run over the Items.

Crab. I have told you the Part that concerns the Girl. And as your Declaration upon it will diſcharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *Eclairciſſement.* Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monſieur *Crab,* my Lor, *Mac.*

Crab. Along with us. *Ex.*

Buck. A comfortable Scrape I am in! What the Deuce am I to do, in the Language of the Place? I am to make Love, I ſuppoſe. A pretty Employment!

Luc. I fancy my Hero is a little puzzled with his Part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer Creature, that *Crab, ma Petite.* But, *á propos,* How d'ye like my Lord?

Luc. He ſeems to have good Senſe and good Breeding. *Buck.*

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has ſomething of a foreign Kind of Air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, ſomething ſo *Engliſh* in his Manner.

Luc. Foreign, and *Engliſh!* I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the Eaſe, the *Je na ſcai quoi*, the *bon Ton*—In a Word, he does not reſemble me now.

Luc. Not in the leaſt.

Buck. Ah, I thought ſo. He is to be pity'd, poor Devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma Chere*, the Fellow has a Fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir *Charles?*

Buck. Why, *je penſe, ma Reine*, that your Eyes have done Execution there.

Luc. My Eyes Execution!

Buck. Aye, Child, is there any thing ſo extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the Vivacity of his Praiſe, that he had already ſummon'd the Gariſon to ſurrender.

Luc. To carry on the Alluſion, I believe my Lord is too good a Commander, to commence a fruitleſs Siege. He cou'd not but know the Condition of the Town

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma Chere.*

Luc. I was in Hopes your Interview with Mr. *Crab* had made that unneceſſary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect ſomething of a ridiculous Article about Marriage, in a Will.

But what a Plot againſt the Peace of two poor People! Well, the Malice of ſome Men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the Miſchief they can in their Life, they are for intailing their Malevolence, like their Eſtates, to lateſt Poſterity.

Luc. Your Contempt of me, Sir *Charles*, I receive as a Compliment. But the infinite Obligations I owe to the Man, who had the Misfortune to call you Son, compel me to inſiſt, that in my Preſence, at leaſt, no Indignity be offered to his Memory.

Buck. Hey dey! What, in heroics, *ma Reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial Wretch! ſo ſoon to trample on his Aſhes, whoſe fond Heart, the greateſt Load of his laſt Hour were his Fears for thy future Welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle eſt Folle, ſhe is mad, *ſans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one ſacred Relation, regard another? Can the Monſter who is corrupt enough to contemn the Place of his Birth, reverence thoſe who gave him Being?——Impoſſible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty Monologue, a fine Soliloquoy this, Child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we ſhall underſtand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do underſtand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuſe me. Nothing is wanting but a formal Rejection

jection under your Hand, and ſo concludes our Acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite, you are too quick *ma chere*. If I recollect, the Conſequence of this Rejection is my paying you twenty thouſand Pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the leaſt Inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that Marriage——

Buck. Is my averſion. I'll give you that under my Hand, if you pleaſe; but I have a prodigious Love for the *Louis*.

Luc. Oh, we'll ſoon ſettle that Diſpute; the Law——

Buck. But, hold, *ma Reine*. I don't find that my provident Father has preciſely determined the Time of this comfortable Conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the Day of Execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I ſay, my Soul, there goes no more to your dying a Maid, than my living a Batchelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I ſhall find a Remedy.

Buck. But now ſuppoſe, *ma Belle*, I have found one to your Hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And firſt, *mon Enfant*; tho' I have an irreſiſtable Antipathy to the conjugal Knot, yet I am by no means blind to your perſonal Charms; in the Poſſeſſion of which, if you pleaſe to place me,

not

not only the aforeſaid twenty thouſand Pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted ſhall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me Patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my Dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite ſo faſhionable as my other. It is then, in a Word, that you would let this lubberly Lord make you a Lady, and appoint me his Aſſiſtant, his private Friend, his *Ciſiſbei*. And as we are to be joint Partakers of your Perſon, let us be equal Sharers in your Fortune, *ma Belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary Thing. Thy Miſtreſs! Gracious Heaven! Univerſal Empire ſhould not bribe me to be thy Bride. And what Apology, what Excuſe cou'd a Woman of the leaſt Senſe or Spirit make, for ſo unnatural a Connection!

Buck. Fort-bien!

Luc. Where are thy Attractions? Can'ſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery Dreſs, thy Affectation, thy Grimace, cou'd influence beyond the Borders of a Brothel?

Buck. Trés bien!

Luc. And what are thy Improvements? Thy Air is a Copy from thy Barber: For thy Dreſs, thou art indebted to thy Taylor. Thou haſt loſt thy native Language, and brought home none in Exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc

Luc. Had not thy Vanity ſo ſoon expoſed thy Villainy, I might, in reverence to that Name, to which thou art a Diſgrace, have taken a wretched Chance with thee for Life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific Partner I ſhou'd have had. Why, look'ee Child, you have been, to be ſure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: Tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your Catalogue, one of my foreign Acquiſitions; *c'eſt-à-dire*, that I can, with a moſt intrepid *Sang froid*, without a ſingle Emotion, ſupport all this Storm of female Fury. But, *adieu*, *ma Belle*. And when a cool Hour of Reflection has made you ſenſible of the Propriety of my Propoſals, I ſhall expect the Honour of a Card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais! Foregad, ſhe would make an admirable Actrice. If I once get her to *Paris*, ſhe ſhall play a Part in my Piece.

Exit.

Luc. I am aſham'd, this Thing has had the Power to move me thus. Who waits there? De e Mr. *Crab*——

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Ld. *J.* We have been unwillingly, Madam, ſilent Witneſſes to this ſhameful Scene. I bluſh that a Creature, who wears the outward Mark of Humanity, ſhou'd be in his Morals ſo much below——

Crab. Pr'thee why didſt thou not call thy Maids, and toſs the Booby in a Blanket?

Ld. *J.* If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended ſaying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab*——

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of Affectation. I believe, I gueſs at your generous Deſign; but my Temper is really ſo ruffled, beſides I am meditating a Piece of female Revenge on this Coxcomb.

Ld. *J.* Dear Madam, can I aſſiſt?

Luc. Only by deſiring my Maid to bring hither the Tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the Liberty, but——

Ld. *J.* No Apology. You honour me, Madam. *Exit.*

Crab. And pry'thee, Wench, what is thy Scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmleſs one, I promiſe you.

Crab. Zounds, I am ſorry for it. I long to ſee the Puppy ſeverely puniſh'd, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the houſe. Will you deſire him to ſtep hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wiſh to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll ſend him. *Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place theſe Things on the Table, a Chair on each Side: Very well. Do you keep within Call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice.*

Exit Lettice,

Enter

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, ſo, I thought ſhe wou'd come to; but, I confeſs, not altogether ſo ſoon. *Eh bien, ma Belle,* ſee me ready to receive your Commands.

Luc. Pray be ſeated, Sir *Charles.* I am afraid the natural Warmth of my Temper might have hurry'd me into ſome Expreſſions not altogether ſo ſuitable.

Buck. Ah *Bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulez-vous du Thé, Monſieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This Tea is a pretty innocent Kind of *Beverage*; I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have ſome Thoughts of giving it a Faſhion next Winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme Service to the Ladies this Side the Water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes Parties, and infuſes a Kind of Spirit into Converſation, and that—

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille Graces.—But what has occaſioned me, *ma Reine,* the Honour of your Meſſage by Mr. *Crab?*

Luc. The Favours I have received from your Family, Sir *Charles,* I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your Houſe, a more decent, and ceremonious *Adieu,* than our laſt Interview wou'd admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma Chere?* I thought your flinty Heart had, at laſt, relented. Well, *ma Reine, Adieu.*

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The Fates will have it ſo. *Luc.*

Luc. Go then, perfidious Traitor, be gone; I have this Conſolation however, that if I cannot legally poſſeſs you, no other Woman ſhall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the Pleaſure of living with you is deny'd me, in our Deaths, at leaſt, we ſhall ſoon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in Death? When, Child?

Luc. Within this Hour.

Buck. Which Way?

Luc. The fatal Draught's already at my Heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every Pore. Pangs, Pangs, unutterable! The Tea we drank urg'd by Deſpair and Love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poiſon'd.

Buck. The Devil!

Luc. And as my generous Heart wou'd have ſhar'd all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curſe your Generoſity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold Comfort of a laſt Embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it may'nt be too late. *Macruthen*, *Jonquil*, Phyſicians, Apothecaries, Oil and Antidotes. Oh! *Je meurs*, *Je meurs*. Ah, la Diableſſe! *Exit.*

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Crab. A brave Wench. I cou'd kiſs thee for this Contrivance.

Ld. *J.* He really deſerves it all.

Crab. Deſerves it! Hang him. But the ſenſible Reſentment of this Girl has almoſt reconciled

reconciled me to the World again. But ſtay, let us ſee—Ca'nt we make a farther uſe of the Puppy's Puniſhment? I ſuppoſe, we may very ſafely depend on your Contempt of him?

Luc. Moſt ſecurely.

Crab. And this young Thing here, has been breathing Paſſions and Proteſtations. But I'll take care, my Girl ſha'nt go a Beggar to any Man's Bed. We muſt have this twenty thouſand Pound, *Lucy*.

Ld. *J.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Pſha, don't ſcorch me with thy Flames. Reſerve your Raptures; or, if they muſt have Vent, retire into that Room, whilſt I go plague the Puppy.

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Phyſician, Surgeon. Buck *in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious Phlebotomy will abate the Inflammation, and if the ſix Bliſters on your Head and Back riſe, why there may be Hopes.

Buck. Cold Comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a Shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are aw Symptoms of a ſtrong Poiſon.

Buck, Oh, I am on the Rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the Vitals, a Fig for aw Antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miſerable Devil? What's he alive ſtill?

Mac. In gude Troth, and that's aw. *Buck.*

Buck. Oh!

Crab, So, you have made a pretty piece of Work on't, young Man!

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from *Paris?*

Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's a dead Man, his Eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poiſon'd him, *Racket?*

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* Cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a Poſſibility of thy Reformation, I have yet a Secret to reſtore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not ſo faſt. It muſt be on good Conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my Eſtate, my—ſave but my Life, take all.

Crab. Firſt then renounce thy Right to that Lady, whoſe juſt Reſentment has drawn this Puniſhment upon thee; and, in which ſhe is an unhappy Partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my Soul.

Crab. To this Declaration you are Witneſſes. Next, your tawdry Trappings, your foreign Foppery, your Waſhes, Paints, Pomades, muſt blaze before your Door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a Rag ſhall be reſerv'd. The Execution of this Part of your Sentence ſhall be aſſign'd to your old Friends here. *Buck.*

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

Crab. And, laſtly, I'll have theſe exotic Attendants, theſe Inſtruments of your Luxury, theſe Pandars to your Pride, pack'd in the firſt Cart, and ſent poſt to the Place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil.*

Crab. Not an Inſtant. The Importation of theſe Puppies makes a Part of the Politics of your old Friends, the *French*; unable to reſiſt you, whilſt you retain your ancient Roughneſs, they have Recourſe to theſe Minions, who would firſt, by unmanly Means, ſap and ſoften all your native Spirit, and then deliver you an eaſy Prey to their Employers.

Buck. Since then it muſt be ſo, *adieu La Jonquil.* *Exeunt.*

Crab. And now to the Remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not ſhe ſwallow the Poiſon?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you Block-head.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in Pangs?

Luc. Aye, put on. The Tea was innocent, upon my Honour, Sir *Charles.* But you allow me to be an excellent Actreſs.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Buck. Oh, curſe your Talents!

Crab. This Fellow's public Renunciation, has put your Perſon and Fortune in your own Power

Power: And if you were ſincere in your Declaration of being directed by me, beſtow it there.

Luc. As a Proof of my Sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. *J.* With more Tranſport, than Sir *Charles* the News of his Safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at preſent, in a Condition to take poſſeſſion of your Poſt.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private Friend; his Aſſiſtant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho!

Mac. But, Sir *Charles*, as I find the Affair of the Poiſon was but a Joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your Bliſters?

Crab. No, let 'em ſtick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my Care. But before we cloſe the Scene, receive, young Man, this laſt Advice from the old Friend of your Father: As it is your Happineſs to be born a *Briton*, let it be your Boaſt; know that the Bleſſings of Liberty are your Birth-right, which while you preſerve, other Nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that *French* Faſhions are as ill ſuited to the Genius, as their Politics are pernicious to the Peace of your native Land.

A Convert to theſe ſacred Truths, you'll find,
That Poiſon for your Puniſhment Deſign'd
Will prove a wholeſome Medicine to your Mind.

FINIS.

PLAYS *printed for* T. LOWNDES, *at* SIX-PENCE each.

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Devil of a Wife
Devil to pay, by Coffey
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Dragon of Wantley
Drummer, by Addiſon
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Duke of Guiſe, by Dryden
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Fair Quaker of Deal
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Fatal Secret, by Theobald
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Fox, by Ben Jonſon
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Gameſter, by Mrs. Centlivre
Gameſter, by Moore
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Gloriana
Grecian Daughter
Greenwich Park
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Henry V. by ditto
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Honeſt Yorkſhireman
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Love in a Miſt
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Love's Laſt Shift
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Mahomet, by Miller & others
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Meaſure for Meaſure
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Minor, by Foote
Miſer, by Fielding
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Perolla and Iſidora
Phædra and Hypolitus
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Polly, by Mr. Gay
Propheteſs, by Beaumont
Provok'd Huſband
Provok'd Wife
Recruiting Officer
Refuſal, by Cibber
Rehearſal, by D. of Bucks
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Rival Fools, by Cibber
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Rival Queens altered
Romeo and Juliet altered
Roman Father
Royal Merchant
Rule a Wife and have a Wife
School Boy, by Cibber
Scornful Lady
She would and ſhe would not, by Cibber
She would if ſhe could
Siege of Damaſcus
Silent Woman
Sir Courtly Nice
Sir Harry Wildair
Sir Martin Mar-all
Sir Walter Raleigh
Spaniſh Friar
Squire of Alſatia
Stage Coach, by Farquhar
State of Innocence
Strollers
Suſpicious Huſband
Tamerlane, by Rowe
Tancred and Sigiſmunda
Tempeſt, by Shakeſpeare
Tender Huſband, by Steele
Theodoſius
Timon of Athens
Titus and Berenice, with the Cheats of Scapin
Twelfth Night
Twin Rivals
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Venice Preſerved
Ulyſſes, by Rowe
Way of the World
What d'ye call it? by Gay
Wife to be let
Wife's Relief

THE KNIGHTS.

A

COMEDY.

THE KNIGHTS.

A

COMEDY,

IN

TWO ACTS.

As it is performed.

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

———*ſed habet Comœdia tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto Veniæ minus. Hor.

LONDON,
Printed for P. VAILLANT, oppoſite Southampton-Street,
in the Strand.

PREFACE

AS this is the laſt opportunity I ſhall have of addreſſing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmeſt acknowledgments for their favourable reception of the following little piece.

The three principal characters I met with in a ſummer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor the baſeleſs beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finiſhing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together, and throwing them into action. The juſtice done them there by the performers, has been too ſtrongly diſtinguiſhed by the town, to render any thing from me neceſſary: I could only wiſh that the managers of the theatres would employ Mr. Caſtallo, whoſe peculiar naïveté, and ſtrict propriety, would greatly become many characters on our ſtage.

PROLOGUE,

Written and ſpoke by Mr. FOOTE.

HAPPY my Muſe, had ſhe firſt turn'd her art,
From Humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart.
They, who in all the bluſter of blank verſe,
The mournful tales of love, and war rehearſe;
Are ſure the Critics cenſure to eſcape,
You hiſs not heroes now, you only ——— gape.
Nor, (ſtrangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens,)
Dare you intrude, you judgment, on their ſcenes.
A different lot the comic muſe attends,
She is oblig'd to treat you with your friends;
Muſt ſearch the court, the forum, and the city;
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,
Youth's wild profuſion, th' avarice of age;
Nay, bring the pit itſelf, upon the ſtage.
Firſt to the bar, ſhe turns her various face:
Hem, my lord, I am counſel in this caſe,
And if ſo be, your lordſhip ſhould think fit,
Why to be ſure, my client muſt ſubmit;
For why, becauſe—Then off ſhe trips again,
And to the ſons of commerce, ſhifts her ſcene:
There, whilſt the griping ſire, with mopeing care,
Defrauds the world himſelf, t' enrich his heir,
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thouſand throws a main at Covent-Garden.
Theſe are the portraits we're oblig'd to ſhow;
You are all judges if the're like or no:
Here ſhould we fail, ſome other ſhape we'll try,
And grace our future ſcenes, with novelty.

PROLOGUE.

I have a plan to treat you with Burletta,
That cannot miſs your taſte, Mia Spilletta.
But ſhould the following piece your mirth excite,
From nature's volume, we'll perſiſt to write.
Your partial favour, bad us firſt proceed;
Then ſpare th' offender, ſince you urg'd the deed.

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Hartop —— ——	Mr. *Foote.*
Sir Gregory Gazette —	Mr. *Yates.*
Jenkins —— ——	Mr. *Blakes.*
Tim —— ——	Mr. *Caſtallo.*
Robin —— ——	Mr. *Clough.*
Jenny —— ——	Miſs *Minors.*
Miſs Penelope Trifle —	Mrs. *Croſs.*
Miſs Sucky Trifle ——	Miſs *Mills.*

THE

THE

KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

HARTOP *and* JENKINS *diſcovered.*

Jenk. I Should not chuſe to marry into ſuch a Family.

Har. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concern'd in the matter: and to convince you that love is not the miniſter of my counſels, know, that I never ſaw but once the object of my preſent purpoſe; and that too at a time, and in a circumſtance, not very likely to ſtamp a favourable impreſſion. What think you of a raw boarding-ſchool girl at Lincoln minſter, with a mind unpoliſh'd, a figure uninform'd, and a ſet of features tainted with the colours of her unwholeſome food?

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop.

Har. Your thoughts now were mine then: but ſome connections I have ſince had with her father, have given birth to my preſent deſign upon her. You are no ſtranger to the ſituation of my circumſtances: my neighbourhood to ſir Penurious Trifle, was a ſufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage: the hard terms he impos'd upon me, and the little regard I have paid to œconomy, has made it neceſſary for me to attempt by ſome ſcheme the re-eſtabliſhment of my fortune. This young lady's ſimplicity, not to call it ignorance, preſented her at once as a proper ſubject for my purpoſe.

Jenk. Succeſs to you, Jack, with all my ſoul! a fellow of your ſpirit and vivacity, mankind ought to ſupport for the ſake of themſelves. For, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have ſuggeſted in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now ſtands: in days of yore, indeed, when virtue was call'd wiſdom, and vice, folly, ſuch principles might have been encourag'd; but as the preſent ſubjects of our enquiry are, not what a man is, but what he has; as to be rich, is to be wiſe and virtuous, and to be poor, ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

Har. Your obſervation is but too juſt. And is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable that we, who condeſcend ſo ſervilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, ſhould be ſo totally averſe to an imitation of their virtues? In France, has he wealth? is an interrogation never put till they are diſappointed in their inquires after the birth and wiſdom of a faſhionable fellow: but here, how much a year?—two thouſand.—The devil! In what country? Berkſhire. Indeed! God bleſs us! a happy dog!—How the duce come I to be intereſted in a man's fortune, unleſs I am his ſteward or his taylor: indeed, knowlege and genius are worth examining into; by thoſe my underſtanding may be improv'd, or my imagination gratify'd; but why ſuch a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my eſteem, is what I can't readily conceive.

Jenk. This complaint may with juſtice be made of all imitations: the ridiculous ſide is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moraliſing, and to our buſineſs. Prithee, in the firſt place, how can you gain admittance to your miſtreſs? and in the ſecond, is the girl independent of her father? his conſent, I ſuppoſe, you have no thought of obtaining.

Har. Some farther propoſals concerning my eſtate; ſuch as an increaſe of the mort-

gage, or an abſolute ſale, is a ſufficient pretence for a viſit: and as to the caſh, twenty to my knowledge; independent too, you rogue! and, beſides, an only child, you know: and then, when things are done, they can't be undone—and 'tis well it's no worſe—and a hundred ſuch pretty proverbs, will, it's great odds, reconcile the old fellow at laſt. Beſides, my papa in poſſe, has a foible, which, if I condeſcend to humour, I have his ſoul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in ſpirits, give me a portrait of ſir Penurious; tho' he is my neighbour, yet is he ſo domeſtic an animal, that I know no more of him than the common country converſation; that he is a thrifty, wary man.

Har. The very abſtract of penury! ſir John Cutler, with his tranſmigrated ſtockings, was but a type of him. For inſtance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughter's head once a year, for ſhaving the knight once a fortnight; his ſhoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year, one; his male ſervant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and taylor; his maid employs her leiſure hours in plain-work for the neighbours, which ſir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, ſhall be as many as poſſible, by joining with his daughter in ſcouring the rooms, making the beds, &c.

thus

thus much for his moral character. Then as to his intellectual, he is a mere charte blanche; the laſt man he is with, muſt afford him matter for the next he goes to; but a ſtory is his idol, throw him in that, and he ſwallows it; no matter what, raw or roaſted, ſavoury or inſipid, down it goes, and up again to the firſt perſon he meets: it is upon this baſis I found my favour with the knight, having acquir'd patience enough to hear his ſtories, and equip'd myſelf with a quantity ſufficient to furniſh him; his manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a ſpecimen—Is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes, faith, and the owner, an acquaintance of mine: ſir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his ſon Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He muſt come this way to the parlour. We'll have a ſcene; but take your cue; he is a country politician.

Sir Gregory *entering, and Waiter.*

Sir Greg. What, neither the Glouceſter Journal, nor the Worceſter Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury, nor the Cheſter? Mr. Jenkins, I am your humble ſervant: a ſtrange town this, Mr. Jenkins, no news ſtirring, no papers taken in! is that gentleman a ſtranger, Mr. Jenkins? pray, ſir, not to be too bold, you don't come from London?

Har. But laſt night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to—well, ſir, and what news? you come from—pray, ſir, are you a parliament-man?

Har. Not I, indeed, ſir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be belong to the law?

Har. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in ſome of the offices; the treaſury or the exchequer?

Har. Neither, ſir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Well, but Mr.—Pray what name did Mr. Jenkins, Ha, Ha,

Har. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! what, not of the Hartops of Boſton.

Har. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much:—quires of news-papers! now, I reckon, you read a matter of eight ſheets every day.

Har. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful? then, may be, you are about court; and ſo being at the fountain-head, know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Har. I never trouble my head about them. —An old fool!

Sir Greg. Good lord! your friend, Mr. Jenkins, is very close.

Jenk. Why, sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! ay, ay, a great man, no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty: indulge the knight's humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy there.

Har. Well, do as you will.

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr. Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies; but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear,—he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treasure! ay, ay be so.

Jenk. And, that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; Tim is without; just come from his uncle Tregegle's at Mene-

gizy in Cornwall: Tim is an honeſt lad, do ſo, do ſo. [*Exit Jenk.*] Well, Mr. Hartop, and ſo we have a peace lack-a-day! long look'd-for come at laſt. But, pray, Mr. Hartop, how many news-papers may you have printed in a week?

Har. About an hundred and fifty, ſir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now? and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I ſhall go to London one of theſe days. A hundred and fifty! wonderful! and, pray now, which do you reckon the beſt?

Har. Oh, ſir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uſes; if you are inclin'd to blacken by a couple of lines the reputation of a neighbour, whoſe character neither your nor his whole life can poſſibly reſtore, you may do it for two ſhillings in one paper: if you are diſplaced, or diſappointed of a place, a triplet againſt the miniſtry will be always well receiv'd at the head of another: and then, as a paper of morning-amuſement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who and what may that ſame Fool be?

Har. Why, ſir Gregory, the author has artfully aſſumed that habit, like the royal jeſters of old, to level his ſatire with more ſecurity to himſelf, and ſeverity to others.

Sir

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you. Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that ſame Killigrew, and no fool. But what's all this to news, Mr. Hartop? who gives us the beſt account of the king of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and thoſe great folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now!—ſnug!—nobody by. Good now do; come, ever ſo little.

Har. Why, as you ſo largely contribute to the ſupport of the government, it is but fair you ſhould know what they are about. We are at preſent in a treaty with the pope.

Sir Greg. With the pope! wonderful! good now, good now! how, how?

Har. We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra-incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly-rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition that the pretender has the government of Laputa, and the biſhop of Greenland ſucceeds to St. Peter's chair; he being, you know, a proteſtant, when poſſeſſed of the pontificals, iſſues out a bull, commanding all catholics to be of his religion; they deeming the pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might not I juſt hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Har. Oh fie! by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line—a little hint—do now.

Har. Well, ſir, it is difficult for me to refuſe you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thouſand thanks! now! the pope—wonderful! I'll minute it down—both the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, i'll minute it—the Lizard-Point—both the Needles—Scilly-Rocks—biſhop of Greenland—St. Peter's chair—why then, when this is finiſhed, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy-wars again, Mr. Hartop.

Har. That's part of the ſcheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! good now! you ſee I have a head! politics have been my ſtudy many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the news papers! They tell me Doctor Drybones is to ſucceed to the biſhoprick of Wiſper.

Har. No; Doctor——

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Roſs, that it was between him and the dean of——

Har. To my knowlege.

Sir

Sir Greg. Nay, you know beſt, to be ſure: if it ſhould—huſh! here's Mr Jenkins, and ſon Tim; mum! Mr Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the pope?

Har. Not a word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter Tim *and Mr.* Jenkins.

Jenk. Maſter Timothy is almoſt grown out of knowlege, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ay, ay; Ill weeds grow a-pace: ſon Tim, Mr. Hartop; a great man, child! Mr. Hartop, ſon Tim.

Har. Sir, I ſhall be always glad to know every branch that ſprings from ſo valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be ſo. Wonderful! ay, ay!

Har. Sir I am glad to ſee you in Hereford-ſhire! have you been long from Cornwal?

Tim. Ay, ſir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or leſs.

Sir Greg. Well ſaid, Tim! ay, ay, aſk Tim any queſtions, he can anſwer for himſelf. Tim, tell Mr. Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tinners, and the tides, and the roads and the pilchards. I want a few words with my maſter Jenkins.

Har. You have been ſo long abſent from your

your native country, that you have almoſt forgot it.

Tim. Yes ſure: I ha' been at uncle Tregegle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or leſs.

Har. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to ſee your papa and mama?

Tim. No ſure, not I. Father ſent for me to uncle; ſure Menegizy is a choice place! and I could a'ſtay'd there all my born days, more or leſs.

Har. Pray, ſir, what were your amuſements?

Tim. Nan? what d'ye ſay?

Har. How did you divert yourſelf?

Tim. Oh, we ha' paſtimes enow there: we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fiſhing, and hunting, and hurling, and wreſtling.

Har. The two laſt are ſports for which that country is very remarkable: in thoſe, I preſume, you are very expert.

Tim. Nan! what?

Har. I ſay you are a good wreſtler.

Tim. Oh! yes ſure, I can wreſtle well enow: but we don't wreſtle after your faſhion: we ha' no tripping, fath and ſoul! we go all upon cloſe hugs, or the flying ſnare. Will you try a fall, maſter? I wan't hurt you, fath and ſoul.

Har. We had as good not venture tho'. But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you

you regret the loſs of more than hurling and wreſtling?

Tim. Nan! what?

Har. No favourite ſhe?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and ſure the tug'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no I thank you for nothing; you muſt know I nurs'd Favourite myſelf; uncle's huntſman was going to mill-pond to drown all Muſic's puppies; ſo I ſav'd ſhe: but, fath, I'll tell you a comical ſtory; at Lanſton, they both broke looſe, and eat a whole lion-a'-veal, and a leg of beef: criſt! how landlord ſwear'd! fath, the poor fellow was almoſt maz'd: it made me die wi' laughing: but how came you to know about our Favourite?

Har. A circumſtance ſo material to his ſon, could not eſcape the knowlege of ſir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you miſtook me a little, 'ſquire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not ſettled upon ſome pretty girl: has not ſome Corniſh laſs caught your heart?

Tim. Huſh! 'god, the old man will hear; jog a tiny-bit this way—won't a'tell father?

Har. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole ſtory, more or leſs. Do you know Mally Pengrouſe?

Har. I am not ſo happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milkmaid; ſhe's as handſome, lord! her face all red and white, like the inſide of a ſhoulder of mutton; ſo I made love to our Mally: and juſt, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out, and ſent word to father; and father ſent for me home; but I don't love her a bit the worſer for that: but, 'icod, if you tell father, he'll knock my brains out; for he ſays i'll diſparage the family; and mother's as mad as a March hare about it: ſo father and mother ha' brought me to be married to ſome young body in theſe parts.

Har. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No ſure, dame Winifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Har. I am ſorry for that; I have the honour to be a diſtant relation of her ladyſhip's.

Tim. Like enough, fath! ſhe's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you ſay a word to father about Mally Pengrouſe. Huſh!

Jenk. Mr. Hartop, ſir Gregory will be amongſt us ſome time; he is going with his ſon to ſir Penurious Trifle's: there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miſs Sukey Trifle and Mr. Timothy.

Har. The devil! I ſhall be glad of every circumſtance that can make me better acquainted with ſir Gregory.

Sir

Sir Greg. Good now, good now; may be ſo, may be ſo!

Tim. Father, ſure the gentleman ſays as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! lack-a-day! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to—but how, Mr. Hartop, how?

Har. Why, ſir, a couſin-german of my aunt's firſt huſband, inter-marry'd with a diſtant relation of a colateral branch by the mother's ſide, the Apprices of Lantrindon; and we have ever ſince quarter'd in a 'ſcutcheon of pretence the three goat's tails rampant, divided by a cheveron, field argent; with a leek pendant in the dexter point, to diſtinguiſh the ſecond houſe.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly related! good now, good now, if dame Winifred was here, ſhe'd make 'em all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithee Tim, good now, ſee after the horſes—and, d'ye hear? try if you can get any news-papers.

Tim. Yes, father—-but, couſin What-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouſe.

Har. Mum! [*Exit* Tim.

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make ſome miſtake about the horſes now! I'll go myſelf. Good now, no farther, couſin; if you pleaſe, no ceremony—a hundred and fifty

fifty a week! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog. [*Exit Sir* Greg.

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a freſh ſpoke in your wheel.

Har. This is a curſed croſs incident.

Jenk. Well, but ſomething muſt be done to fruſtate the ſcheme of your new couſin's. Can you think of nothing?

Har. I have been hammering: pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's perſon?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell: but we may ſoon know.

Har. Cou'd you recommend me a good-ſpirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions; and underſtanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3,000*l.* a year, and a fool?

Jenk. In part I gueſs your deſign: the man's daughter of the houſe is a good lively laſs, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to loſe. I'll call her—Jenny!—but the enemy's at hand—I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny. When the worſhipful family are retir'd, I'll introduce the wench. [*Exit* Jenk.

Enter Sir Gregory *and* Tim.

Sir Greg. Pray now, couſin, are you in friendſhip with ſir Penurious Trifle?

Har. I have the honour, ſir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo! but, lack-a-day, couſin, is he ſuch a miſer as folks ſay? good now, they tell me we ſhall hardly have neceſſaries for ourſelves and horſes at Gripe-Hall: but as you are a relation, you ſhould, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here's ſir Penurious's letter; here, couſin.

Har. "Your overture I receive with pleaſure, and ſhould be glad to meet you in Shropſhire."—I fancy, from a thorough knowlege of ſir Penurious's diſpoſition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better pleas'd to meet you here, than at his own houſe.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, may be ſo! a ſtrange man! wonderful! But, good now, couſin, what muſt we do?

Har. I this morning pay'd ſir Penurious a viſit; and if you'll honour me with your commands, I'll——.

Sir Greg. Wonderful, to day! good now, that's lucky! couſin, you are very kind: good now, I'll ſend a letter, Tim, by couſin Hartop.

Har. A letter from ſo old an acquaintance, and upon ſo happy an occaſion, will ſecure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack, an old acquaintance, indeed, couſin Hartop! we were at Hereford 'aſſiſe together—let's ſee, wonderful, how long ago? 'twas while I

was courting dame Winny; the year before I married—good now, how long? let's ſee—that year the hackney ſtable was built, and Peter Ugly the blind pad fell into a ſaw-pit.

Tim. Mother ſays father and ſhe was marry'd the firſt of April in the year ten; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two and thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and ſiſter Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's ſet about the letter. But pray, couſin, what diverſions, good now, are going forward in London?

Har. Oh, ſir, we are in no diſtreſs for amuſement; we have plays, balls, puppet-ſhows, maſquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thouſand others. But I am in haſte for your epiſtle, ſir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Couſin, your ſervant.

[*Exit Sir* Greg. *and* Tim.

Har. I am your moſt obedient.—Thus far our ſcheme ſucceeds: and if Jenkins's girl can aſſume the aukward pertneſs of the daughter, with as much ſucceſs as I can imitate the ſpirited folly of ſir Penurious the father, I don't deſpair of a happy cataſtrophe.

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. Jenkins—

Har. Oh, child, your inſtructions ſhall be adminiſter'd within.

Jenny. Mr. Jenkins has open'd your deſign, and I am ready and able to execute my part.

Har. My dear, I have not the leaſt doubt of either your inclination or ability.—But, pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? ſcour, Jenny.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Couſin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg—good now could not, you make intereſt at ſome coffee-houſe in London to buy, for a ſmall matter, the old books of news-papers, and ſend them into the country to me? They would paſs away the time rarely in a rainy day.

Har. Sir, I'll ſend you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now: ten thouſand thanks! you are a couſin indeed! But pray, couſin, let us, good now, ſee ſome of the works of that ſame Fool.

Har. I'll ſend them you all; but a—

Sir Greg. What, all? lack-a-day, that's kind, couſin? the Terra Incognita—both the Needles—a great deal of that! But what biſhop is to be pope?

Har. Zounds, ſir! I am in haſte for your letter—when I return, aſk as many queſtions—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, that's true—I'll in, and about it.—But, couſin, the pope is not to have Gibraltar?

Har. No, no; damn it, no! as none but the Fool could ſay it, ſo none but ideots would believe him. Pray, ſir Gregory—

Sir Greg. Well, well, couſin! lack-a-day, you are ſo—but, pray—

Har. Damn your praying! if you don't finiſh your letter immediately, you may carry it yourſelf.

Sir Greg. Well, well, couſin! lack-a-day, you are in ſuch a—good now! I go, I go.

Har. But if the truth ſhould be diſcover'd, I ſhall be inevitably diſappointed.

Sir Greg. But couſin, are Scilly Rocks—

Har. I wiſh they were in your guts, with all my heart! I muſt quit the field, I find.

[*Exit.*

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, a paſſionate man! lack-a-day, I am glad the pope is not to have Gibraltar tho'!

ACT II.

SCENE,

Sir GREGORY, *and* TIM *reading News to him, diſcovered.*

Tim. CONſtantinople, N. S. Nov. 15, the Grande Seignieur—

Sir Greg. Lack-a day! good now, Tim, the politicks, child: and read the ſtars, and the daſhes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father—We can aſſure our readers that the D— daſh is to go to F blank; and that a certain noble L— is to reſign his p—-e in the t——y, in order to make r—m for the two three ſtars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now! good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three ſtars would come in play one time or other. This London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well.

Tim From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Laſt Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty houſe on Ormond-Quay, and ſtrip'd it of all the furniture.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day; wonderful! to what a height theſe rogues are grown.

Tim. The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is turn of your—

Sir Greg. Pſhaw! ſkip that, Tim; I know that road as well as the doctor! 'tis in every time.

Tim. I Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-Lane; makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked: and if he was to have the univerſal world for making a pair of ſtays he could not put better ſtuff in them——

Sir Greg. Good now; where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: all my lady Iſard's children, good now, are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Mr. Jenkins begs to ſpeak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now; deſire him to walk in.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a viſit from ſir Penurious Trifle: I ſaw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg What, they are come, wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed, Mr. — Come, Tim, ſettle my cravat: good

good now, let's be a little decent: remember your beſt bow to your miſtreſs, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father: but muſt not I kiſs Miſs Suck?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, ay! pray, is couſin Hartop, come along?

Jenk. I have not ſeen him: but, I fancy, I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now, would you be ſo kind! [*Exit Jenkins.*] Stand behind me, Tim.—Pull down your ruffles, child.

Tim. But, father, won't Miſs Suck think me bold if I kiſs her chops the firſt time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, Tim, no: faint heart never won fair lady. Ha! Tim, had you but ſeen me attack dame Winny! but times ar'n't as they were; good now, we were another kind of folks in thoſe days; ſtout hearty ſmacks, that would ha' made your mouth water again; and the mark ſtood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter. But the maſter-miſſes of the preſent age go, lack-a-day, as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their miſtreſſes cheeks. Ah, the days I have ſeen.

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiſs her hearty enow, fath and ſole!

Sir Greg. Huſh, Tim, huſh! ſtand behind me, child.

Enter Hartop *as Sir* Penurious Trifle, *and* Jenny *as Miſs* Sukey, *and* Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoy'd! —Good now!

Sir Pen. Sir Gregory, I kiſs your hand! my daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful? Miſs, I am proud to—ſon Tim—ſir Penurious—beſt bow, child—Miſs Suck———

Tim. An't that right, father? [*kiſſes her.*

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to ſee you look ſo well! you keep your own, ſir Penurious.

Sir Pen. Ay, ay, ſtout enough, ſir Gregory, ſtout enough, brother Knight! hearty as an oak; hey, Dick? gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a ſtory of an oak; it will make you die with laughing; hey, you Dick, you have heard it: ſhall I tell it, ſir Gregory?

Jenk. Tho' I have heard it ſo often, yet there is ſomething ſo engaging in your manner of telling a ſtory, that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, I love a comical ſtory. Pray, ſir Penurious, let's have it: mind, Tim, mind, Child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and ſole, I love a choice ſtory to my heart's blood!

Sir Pen. You, knight, I was at Bath laſt ſummer—a water that people drink when they are ill: you have heard of the Bath, Dick? Hey, you! *Tim,*

Tim. Yes, fath, I know Bath; I was there in way up.

Sir Greg. Huſh, Tim; good now, huſh!

Sir Pen. There's a coffee-houſe, you, a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, ſir Penurious, how many Papers may they take in?

Sir Pen. Pſhaw! damn the news! mind the ſtory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a haſty man, Tim!

Sir Pen. Pox take you both! I have loſt the ſtory—where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Sir Pen. Right, you, right! true, true! ſo, god, you knight, I us'd to breakfaſt at this coffee-houſe every morning, it coſt me eight pence tho', and I had always a breakfaſt at home—no matter for that tho'! there I breakfaſted; you Dick, god, at the ſame table with lord Tom Truewit—You have heard of Truewit, you, Knight; a droll dog! you Dick, he told us the ſtory and made us die with laughing: you have heard of Charles the ſecond, you knight, he was ſon of Charles the firſt; king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: ſo what does Charles the ſecond, you knight, do; but he fights Noll at Worceſter, a town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not do,

do, you; god, Noll made him ſcamper, made him run; take to his heels, you knight; Truewit told us the ſtory, made us die with laughing; I always breakfaſted at the coffee-houſe, it coſt me eight pence tho' I had a breakfaſt at home—ſo what does Charles do, but hid himſelf in an oak, an oak tree, you, in a wood call'd Boſcobel, from two Italian words, Boſco Bello, a fine wood, you; and off he marches: but old Noll would not let him come home; no, ſays he, you don't come here—lord Tom told us the ſtory; made us die with laughing; it coſt me eight pence tho' I had a breakfaſt at home: ſo, you knight, when Noll dy'd; Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the North brought him back: ſo you, the cavaliers, you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts, what did they do, god, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a ſign, the royal oak, you have ſeen ſuch ſigns at country alehouſes: ſo, god, you, what does a Puritan do, the Puritans were friends to Noll, but he puts up the ſign of an owl in the ivy buſh, and underneath he writes, "This is not the royal oak:" you have ſeen writings under ſigns, you knight: upon this, ſays the royaliſts, god this muſt not be; ſo, you, what do they do, but, god, they proſecuted the poor Puritan; but they made him change his ſign tho': and, you Dick, how d'ye think they chang'd? god he puts up the

royal

royal oak; and underneath he writes, "This not the owl in the ivy buſh." It made us all die with laughing; lord Tom told the ſtory; I always breakfaſted at the coffee-houſe, tho' it coſt me eight pence, and I had abreakfaſt at home, hey, you, knight; what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now; wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, fath!

Jenk. Oh, ſir Penurious is a moſt entertaining companion, that muſt be allow'd.

Sir Greg. Good now, ay, ay, a merry man! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady chuſe a little refreſhment after her ride? ſome tea, or ſome——

Sir Pen. Hey, you knight! no, no; we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you, Tim, what doſt think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? a jolly cock, you Tim, hey Dick. But prithee, boy, what doſt do with all this tawdry tinſel on? that hat and waiſtcoat? traſh, knight, traſh! more in thy pocket and leſs in thy cloaths; hey, you Dick? god, you knight, I'll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, laſt year to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee houſe in St. Martin's Lane, in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francés; and his head, you knight, as white with powder, god, you, as a twelfth

a twelfth cake: and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be, hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now, an ambaſſador to be ſure.

Sir Pen. God, you knight, nor better nor worſer then Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure dancer at the opera-houſe in the Haymarket.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Sir Pen. Pſhaw! Pox, prithee, Tim, nobody dreſſes now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dreſs, hey, Dick?

Jenk. You, ſir, don't want the aids of dreſs: but in Mr. Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a neceſſary compliment to his miſtreſs.

Sir Pen. Stuff, Dick, ſtuff! my daughter, knight, has had other gueſs breeding; hey, you! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pikeſtaff, knight, all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams: prithee, Tim, off with thy lace and burn it: 'twill help to buy the licence: ſhe'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suck! but, you knight; god, Dick, a toaſt and tankard would not be amiſs after our walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will, ſir Penurious

Sir Pen. God, that's hearty you! but we won't part the young couple, hey: I'll ſend

Suck

Suck ſome bread and cheeſe in; hey, knight! at her, Tim. Come, Dick; come, you, knight. Did I ever tell you my courtſhip, hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack a-day, let's have it.

Sir Pen. You know my wife was blind, you, knight.

Sir Greg. Good now; wonderful! not I.

Sir Pen. Blind as a beetle when I marry'd her, knight: hey, Dick! ſhe was drown'd in our orchard: maid Beſs, knight, went to market, you, Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and ſouſe, drop'd into the fiſh-pond: we found her out next day, but ſhe was dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her tho', hey you! ſhe was only daughter to ſir Triſtram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! god, you, what does ſhe do, you, but ſhe falls in love with young Sleek her Father's chaplain, hey, you! upon that, what does me I, but ſlips on Domine's robes, you, paſs'd myſelf upon her for him, and we were tack'd together, you, knight, hey! god, tho' I believe ſhe never lik'd me; but what ſignifies that, hey, Dick! ſhe was rich, you. But come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Sir Pen. Nay, pray—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, 'tis impoſſible—

Sir

Sir Pen. Pox of ceremony! you, Dick, hey? god, knight, I'll tell you a ſtory: one of our Ambaſſadors in France, you, a deviliſh polite fellow reckon'd, Dick: god, you, what does the king of France do, but, ſays he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: ſo, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go firſt: oh, an't pleaſe your majeſty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you, Dick, am I king of France, or you? Is it my coach or yours? and ſo puſhes him in thus. Hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Sir Pen. God, Dick, I believe I have made a miſtake here; I ſhould have gone in firſt; hey, Dick! knight, god, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your houſe, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry man, Mr. Jenkins. [*Exit the two Knights and* Jenk.

Tim. Father and couſin are gone, fath and ſole!

Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin.

Tim. How—Fath and ſole, I don't know what to ſay: how d'ye do, miſs Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk.—'Tis a rare day, fath and ſole.

Jenny.

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your houſe a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a good long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whiſtles.*

Jenny. [*Sings.*

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, miſs.

Jenny. I can ſing loud enough, if I have a mind: but father don't love ſinging.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whiſtles.*

Jenny. And I an't overfond of whiſtling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad ſinger.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, miſs Suck, did ever any body make love to you before!

Jenny. Before! when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you muſt let it alone, fath and ſole.

Jenny. Like enough.

Tim. Pray, miſs Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What ſhould a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a woing.

Jenny.

Jenny, Who?

Tim. Why, you. Could you like me for a ſweet-heart, Miſs Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap ſomebody may ha' got your good will already?

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! hey, I don't know. But if you could fancy me——

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then: hey! why, fath, we may chance to be marry'd, if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And ſuppoſe I won't be marry'd to you?

Tim. Nay, Miſs Suck, I can't help it, fath and ſole. But father and mother bid me come a courting: and if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father ſo.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, fath! you may ſtay as long as——

Enter Waiter.

Wait. There's a woman without wants to ſpeak with Mr. Timothy Gazette.

Tim. That's I. I am glad on't. Well, Miſs Suck, your ſervant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back.

back.—god, I don't care whether ſhe likes me or no; I don't like her half ſo well as Mally Pengrouſe.—Well, your ſervant, Miſs Suck. [*Exit* Tim.

Jenny. Was there ever ſuch an unlick'd cub? I don't think his fortune a ſufficient reward for ſacrificing my perſon to ſuch a booby: but as he has money enough, it ſhall go hard but I pleaſe myſelf: I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman: but, however, a favourable anſwer to his laſt queſtion will ſoon ſettle matters.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. Now, Jenny, what news, child? are things fix'd; are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quicken'd my ſwain's advances by a little affected coyneſs; but the trap would not take: I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The drawer called him to ſome woman.

Jenk. Woman! he neither knows or is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counterplot! but, pox, that's impoſſible! you have not blab'd Jenny?

Jenny. My intereſt would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that ſecurity any woman

may, I think, be truſted. I muſt after him tho'. [*Exit.*

Jenny. I knew the time when Jenkins would not have left me ſo haſtily: 'tis odd, that the ſame cauſe that increaſes the paſſion in one ſex, ſhould deſtroy it in the other: the reaſon is above my reach; but the fact I am a ſevere witneſs of. Heigh ho!

Enter Hartop, *Sir* Penurious, *and Sir* Gregory Gazette.

Sir Pen. And ſo, you knight, ſays he, you know knight, what low dogs the miniſters were then, how does your pot—a pot, you, that they put over the fire to boil broth and meat in.—You have ſeen a pot, you knight—how does your pot boil theſe troubleſome times? hey you! god, my lord, ſays he, I don't know, I ſeldom go into my kitchen; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dreſs victuals! roaſt and boil, and ſo forth; god, ſays he, I ſeldom go into the kitchen—but, I ſuppoſe, the ſcum is uppermoſt ſtill; hey, you knight! what, god, hey! But where's your ſon, ſir Gregory? good now, good now, where's Tim, Miſs Sukey? lack-a-day, what's become of Tim?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here preſently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now! good now! well, and how Miſs Sukey—has Tim? has he? well, and what, you have—wonderful! *Enter*

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr. Jenkins.

Sir Pen. Hey, you, what, a letter? god ſo! any anſwer you? hey!

Serv. None, ſir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ſir Penurious is buſy! well, Miſs, and did Tim do the thing? did he pleaſe you? come now, tell us the whole ſtory: wonderful! rare news for dame Winny! ha, Tim's father's own ſon! but come, whiſper—ay.

Sir Pen. "I have only time to tell you that your ſcheme is blaſted: this inſtant I encounter'd Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, they will ſoon be with you."—So then all's over; but let's ſee what expedition will do———Well, you knight, hey! what have they ſettled? Is the girl willing!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, right as my leg! ah, Tim, little did I think—but, lack-a-day, I wonder where the boy is! let's ſeek him.

Sir Pen. Agreed, you knight; hey, come.

Enter Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, here's Mr. Jenkins. Good now, have you ſeen Tim?

Jenk. Your curioſity ſhall be immediately ſatisfied; but I muſt firſt have a word with ſir Penurious.

Sir Pen. Well you, what, hey; any news, Dick?

Jenk. Better than you could hope, your rival is diſpos'd of.

Sir Pen. Diſpos'd of! how?

Jenk. Marry'd by this time, you rogue! the woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouſe; trudg'd it up all the way after him, as Tim ſays; I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the buſineſs is done.

Har. Braviſſimo! you rogue! but how ſhall I get off with the knight!

Jenk. Nay that muſt be your contrivance.

Har. I have it—ſuppoſe I was to own the whole deſign to Sir Gregory, as our plan has not ſucceeded with his ſon; and as he ſeems to have a tolerable regard for me, it is poſſible he may aſſiſt my ſcheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying however: but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now, Mr. Jenkins, have you ſeen Tim? I can't think where the boy—

Har. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory to ſet you clear with reſpect to ſome particulars; I am now no longer ſir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, couſin Hartop, as I am a living man—hey—well, but, good now, how, Mr, Jenkins, hey?

Jenk.

Jenk. The ſtory, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now, but in two words; my friend Hartop has very long had a paſſion for Miſs Trifle; and was apprehenſive your ſon's application would deſtroy his views, which, in order to defeat, he aſſumed the character of Sir Penurious: but he is ſo captivated with your integrity and friendſhip, that he rather chuſes to forego his own intereſt, than interrupt the happineſs of your ſon.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now, that's kind! who could have thought it, couſin Hartop? lack-a-day, well, but where's Tim? hey! good now, and who are you?

Jenk. This, ſir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the houſe.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a peſtilent huſſey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day, who could ha thought—ah, Jenny, you're a—but where's Tim?

Enter Sir Gregory's *Servant.*

Serv. Wounds, maſter! never ſtir alive if maſter Tim has na gone and marry'd Mally Pengrouſe.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, ſirrah, how? good now, good now, couſin Hartop—Mally Pengrouſe! who the dickens is ſhe?

Serv. Maſter Timothy's ſweetheart in Cornwal.

Sir Greg. And how came ſhe here? lack-a-day, couſin!

Serv. She tramp'd it up after maſter: maſter Timothy is without, and ſays, as how they be marry'd: I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now, let me come at him! I'll—ah, rogue! lack-a-day, couſin, ſhew me where he is! I'll—

Har. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; conſider, it is an evil without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will dame Winny ſay? good now, ſuch a diſparagement to—and then, what will ſir Penurious ſay? lack-a-day, I am almoſt diſtracted! and you, you lubberly dog! why did not you—I'll—ah, couſin Hartop! couſin Hartop! good now, good now!

Har. Dear ſir, be calm; this is no ſuch ſurpriſing matter; we have ſuch inſtances in the news papers every day.

Sir Greg. God now, no, couſin, no.

Har. Indeed Sir Gregory it was but laſt week that lord Lofty's ſon marry'd his mother's maid, and lady Betty Forward run away not a month ago with her uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what in the news? Good now, that's ſome comfort however, but what will ſir Penurious— *Har.*

Har. As to that, leave him to me, I have a project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, couſin Hartop, how?

Har. Sir Gregory, dy'e think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, couſin, ay.

Har. And would you in return ſerve me in a circumſtance that can't injure yourſelf?

Sir Greg. Good now, to be ſure, couſin.

Har. Will you then permit me to aſſume the figure of your ſon, and ſo pay my addreſſes to Miſs Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father; and if I could impoſe upon your ſagacity, I ſhall find leſs difficulty with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim.

Har. I warrant you. But ſee, the young gentleman.

Enter Tim.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I—Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and ſole: but if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do ſo no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee can'ſt forgive thyſelf, I can forgive thee; but thank thy couſin Hartop.

Har. Oh, ſir! if you are ſatisfy'd, I am rewarded. I wiſh you joy; joy to you, child.

Sir Greg. Thanks, couſin Hartop.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worſhip was in the houſe, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! here we are all topſy-turvey again! what can be done now, couſin Hartop?

Har. Dick! ſhew the Ladies in here, but delay them a little. The luckieſt incident in the world, ſir Gregory! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dreſs, and maſter Timothy will favour me with his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, couſin!

Tim. Fath and ſole, you ſhall have mine dire—

Har. No, no, ſtep into the next room a minute, ſir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice ſport.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Penelope *and* Suck, *with Waiter.*

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you preſently. Would you chuſe any refreſhment?

Suck. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry.

Pen. Fie! fie! Niece! Is that liquor for a young lady? Don't diſparage your family and

and breeding! The perſon is to be born that ever ſaw me touch any thing ſtronger than water till I was three-and-twenty.

Suck. Troth! aunt, that's ſo long ago, that I think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then.

Pen. How! Gillflirt! none of your fleers! I am glad here's a huſband coming that will take you down: your tantrums! You are grown too head-ſtrong and robuſt for me.

Suck. Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the ſame way!

Pen. Oh! you are a pert——But ſee your lover approaches. Now Sukey, be careful, child: none of your——

Enter Jenkins *as Sir* Gregory, *and* Hartop *as* Tim.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, Lady! I rejoice to ſee you! wonderful! and your Niece! Tim, the ladies.

Har. Your ſervant, Miſtreſs! I am glad to ſee you, Miſs Suck. [*Salutes her.*] Fath and ſole, Miſtreſs Suck's a fine young woman, more or leſs!

Suck. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, Lady! where's my brother Trifle? where is ſir Penurious?

Suck. Father's at home in expectation of you, and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

Jenk.

Jenk. Ay! wonderful! pray, lady! ſhall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your ſweetheart draw back a little?

Har. Yes, father; come, Miſs will you jog a tinny-bit this way?

Suck. With all my heart!

Jenk. There is, Lady, a wonderful affair has happen'd, good now! ſon Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad conſequences that I am, lack-a-day! ſo haſty to match him; and one of my men, good now! tells me that he has ſeen the wench ſince we have been in town; ſhe has followed us here, ſure as a gun, Lady! If Tim ſees the girl he'll never marry your niece.

Pen. It is indeed, ſir Gregory Gazette, a moſt critical conjuncture, and requires the moſt mature deliberation.

Jenk. —Deliberation! lack-a-day! lady! Whilſt we deliberate the boy will be loſt.

Pen. Why, ſir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Pen. Adminiſter your propoſition, ſir Gregory Gazette, you will have my concurrence, Sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be moſt prepoſterous in one of my character, to deviate from the ſtricteſt attention.

Jenk.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady! no ſuch matter is wanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Pen. Are the previous preliminaries ſettled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady!

Pen. Why, then to preſerve your ſon, and accompliſh the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined, and a miniſter may be procur'd.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good! good now! there has been one match already in the houſe to-day. We may have the ſame parſon; here! Tim! and young gentlewoman!—well, Miſs! wonderful and how? has, Tim? hey, boy! Is not Miſs a fine young lady?

Har. Fath and ſole, father! Miſs is a charming young woman! all red and white, like Mally—Hum!

Jenk. Huſh, Tim! well, and Miſs how does my boy: he's an honeſt hearty lad! has he? good now! had the art? how d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Suck. Liken? well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why, then, Miſs, with your leave your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing to have the wedding over directly.

Suck. Gad! with all my heart. Aſk the young man.

Har. Fath and ſole! juſt as you pleaſe, to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or leſs.

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there, there you will find one to do your buſineſs: wonderful! matters will ſoon be managed within. Well, lady, this was, good now, ſo kind! lack-a-day! I verily believe if dame Winny was dead that I ſhould be glad to lead up ſuch another dance with you, lady!

Pen. You are, ſir, ſomething too precipitate: nor would there, did circumſtances concur as you inſinuate, be ſo abſolute a certitude, that I who have rejected ſo many matches ſhould inſtantaneouſly ſuccumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! lady! good now! I——

Pen. No, ſir; I would have you inſtructed, that had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable reſolutions, ſhe need not ſo long have preſerved her family ſirname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only—

Pen. Nor has the title of lady Gazette, ſuch reſplendent charms or ſuch bewitching allurements, as to throw me at once into the arms of ſir Gregory—

Jenk. Good now! who ſays——

Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles ſuperior to perhaps—

Enter

Enter Sir Gregory, Roger, *and* Tim.

Tim. Yes, indeed, father; Mr. Hartop knew on't as well as I; and Mr. Jenkins got us a parſon.

Sir Greg. Good now! good now! a rare couple of friends! but I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Maſter Jenkins, you have fobb'd me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! what's the matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-day! none of your gambols, nor your tricks to me; good now, good now! give me my cloaths! here take your tawdry trappings. I have found you out at laſt: I'll be no longer your property.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this! lady! good now! good now! what's here, a ſtage-play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays! but give me my wig! and your precious friend my loving couſin, (pize on the kindred) let'n—

Jenk. Good now! good now! what are theſe folks? as ſure a gun they're mad.

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you tho'.

Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this myſtery, ſir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He, ſir Gregory Gazette? lack-a-day, lady! you are tricked, impoſed on, bamboozled;

boozled; good now! good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette.

Pen. How!

Tim. Fath and ſole, 'tis true, miſtreſs! and I am his ſon Tim, and will ſwear it.

Pen Why is n't Mr. Timothy Gazette with my niece Suſannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me? lord! no 'tis none of I, it is couſin Hartop in my cloaths.

Pen. What's this? and pray who—

Jenk. Why, as I ſee the affair is concluded you may, madam, call me Jenkins: come, Hartop, you may now throw off your diguiſe; the knight had like to have embarraſſed us.

Pen. How, Mr. Jenkins! and would you, ſir, participate of a plot too——

Har. Madam, in the iſſue your family will, I hope, have no great reaſon to repent; I always had the greateſt veneration for Miſs Penelope Trifle's underſtanding; the higheſt eſteem! for her virtues can intitle me to the honour of being regarded as her relation.

Pen. Sir, I ſhall determine on nothing, 'till I am appriſed of my brother's reſolution.

Har. For that we muſt wait. Sir Gregory, I muſt intreat you and your ſon's pardon for ſome little liberties I have taken with you both. Mr. Jenkins, I have the higheſt obligation to your friendſhip; and Miſs, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myſelf, the change will not prove unpleaſing.

Suck. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart.

Hart. Sir Gregory, we ſhall have your company at dinner.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, no, that boy has ſpoil'd my ſtomach—come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales; but how thou wilt get off with thy mother——

Tim. Never fear, father——

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to bleſs,
We ſhall be happy all our lives—more or leſs—

FINIS.

THE

MAYOR of GARRATT.

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS.

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION,

LONDON,
Printed for P. VAILLANT, and sold by P. ELMSLY,
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(Price One Shilling.)

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir JACOB JOLLUP,	Mr. BADDELY.
Major STURGEON,	Mr. FOOTE.
JERRY SNEAK,	Mr. WESTON.
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,	Mr. BRANSBY.
BRUIN,	Mr. MOODY.
LINT,	Mr. CASTLE.
ROGER,	Mr. CLOUGH.
SNUFFLE,	Mr. VAUGHAN.
MATTHEW MUG,	Mr. FOOTE.
FIRST MOB,	Mr. FOX.
SECOND MOB,	Mr. MAR.
THIRD MOB,	Mr. WATKINS.
FOURTH MOB,	Mr. STRANCE.

WOMEN.

Mrs. SNEAK,	Mrs. CLIVE.
Mrs. BRUIN,	Mrs. LEE.

MOB.

THE MAYOR of GARRATT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir* JACOB's *Houſe at* Garrat.

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.

ROGER —

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir —

Sir Jac. Sir, ſirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you raſcal? is that all your manners? Has his majeſty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Miſter? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Gooſe the taylor from Putney, they ſay, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and ſpoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will ſoon be upon us; and all is fiſh that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be ſure there is plenty of muſtard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you ſtand yourſelf at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit* Rog.

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty ſecure: But I can't think what makes my daughters ſo late, ere they—

[*Knocking at the gate.*

Who is that, Roger?

Rog. without. Maſter Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, maſter Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may ſay, to ſettle the buſineſs of the day.

Sir Jac. What buſineſs?

Lint. Your worſhip knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which caſe, maims, bruiſes, contuſions, diſlocations, fractures, ſimple and compound, may likely enſue; now your worſhip need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopoliſt, or vender of drugs; but likewiſe chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, Maſter Lint, and equally ſkilful in both.

Lint. It is your worſhip's pleaſure to ſay ſo, Sir Jacob: Is it your worſhip's will that I lend a miniſtring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom muſt I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtleſs, the veſtry.

Lint. Your worſhip knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to phyſic the pariſh-poor by the great: but this muſt be a ſeparate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, maſter Lint, don't be unreaſonable.

Lint.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearneſs of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get ſalt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next — We muſt take things rough and ſmooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No ſuch matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better inſtructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illneſs was very expenſive; but now, phyſic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your eſſences, elixirs, emetics, ſweats, drops, and your paſtes, and your pills, have ſilenced your peſtles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have coſt you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your ſcurvies, and gouts, rheumatiſms, conſumptions, coughs and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as ſound as a roach.

Lint. Noſtrums!

Sir Jac. Specifics, ſpecifics, maſter Lint.

Lint. I am very ſorry to find a man of your worſhip's——Sir Jacob, a promoter

of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names — Roger, bring me the News—not a ſoul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger *brings the News.*

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the liſt of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, ſpinſter.

Lint. Perjuries,

Sir Jac. And ſee here, the churchwardens have ſigned it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worſhipful Mr. Juſtice Drowſy, this thirteenth day of —

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, ſirrah, do you think Mr. Juſtice Drowſy would ſet his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; ſhe has been cured of fifty diſeaſes in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropſy, by Weſt—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland.

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palſy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and ſciatic, by Rock.

Sir Jac. Inſolent—

Lint. Conſumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And ſquinting by the Chevalier Taylor.—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the Juſtice, ſo the affidavit brings him a ſhilling—

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, raſcal, how dare you abuſe the commiſſion?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, bliſtering, gliſtering—

Lint. Bleſs me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, ſirrah, do you inſult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You ſcoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd ſend you this inſtant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty paſs, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelſon, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, ſeſſions, petty and quarter; if after ſettling of rates, licencing ale-houſes, and committing of vagrants—But all reſpect to

authority is loſt, and *Unus Quorum* now a-days, is no more regarded than a petty conſtable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, ſee who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Juſtice Sturgeon, the fiſhmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middleſex militia. Uſher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wiſh'd you had come a little ſooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to ſcandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major. Inſolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the raſcal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magiſtrate; a few ſmart ſtrokes from your cane would have fully anſwer'd the purpoſe—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and ſqueaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is diſembodied, ſo the French may ſleep in ſecurity.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profeſſion of arms?

Major. A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but uſe, uſe reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my firſt campaign, I no more minded the noiſe of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Major. No. There is more made of theſe matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my ſingle ſelf—And yet, we have had ſome deſperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! ſuch marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The duſt flying, ſun ſcorching, men ſweating—Why, there was our laſt expedition to Hounſlow, that day's work carried off Major Moloſſas. Bunhill-fields never ſaw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loſs to the ſervice.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I adviſed him to pull off his ſpurs before he went upon action; but he was reſolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the ſervice.

Major. Doubtleſs—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good ſpirits, we were quarter'd at Thiſtleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounſlow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine diſpoſition: on we march'd, the men all in high ſpirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to poſſeſs a pig's ſtye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, ſecure a retreat; who ſhould come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen ſet up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us; broke through our ranks in an inſtant, and threw the whole corps in confuſion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horſe took to his heels; away he ſcour'd over the heath. That gallant commander ſtuck both his ſpurs into the flank, and for ſome time held by his mane; but in croſſing a ditch, the horſe threw up his head, gave the Major a dowſe in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, juſt by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Major.

Major. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Enſign Tripe, and myſelf, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green ſtage, we were ſtopp'd near the Hammerſmith turnpike, and robb'd and ſtripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed!

Major. But in ſome meaſure to make me amends, I got the Major's commiſſion.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could rid; otherwiſe, we always ſucceeded of courſe: no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I muſt do the regiment the juſtice to ſay, there never was a ſet of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compaſſes in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a ſingle diſpute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Major. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his cuſtom; and

and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a ſtitch for him ſince.

Sir Jac. But you ſoon ſupplied the loſs of Moloſſas?

Major. In part only; no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth: at ſixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid riſe!

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a ſerjeant of marines; ſo after ſhop was ſhut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exerciſe; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progreſs was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could ſhoulder, and reſt, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in leſs than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and ſquares, and evolutions, and revolutions: let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monſieur kept his myr-

myrmidons at home, or we ſhould have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous eſcape.

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus.*

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the beſt diſciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middleſex militia?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to ſay; but lack-a-day, they have never ſeen any ſervice—Holiday ſoldiers! Why, I don't believe, unleſs indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the ſkin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Major. No! ſoldiers for ſun-ſhine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny ſequi* that—Oh, could you but ſee me ſalute: you have never a ſpontoon in the houſe?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get you a ſhove-pike.

Major. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, ſweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is ſhe as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this viſit was intended for them; come, own

now,

now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of ſuch gallantry!

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no reſiſting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all over with me—"Farewell to the plumed ſteeds and neigh. "ing troops," as the black man ſays in the play; like the Roman cenſurer, I ſhall retire to my ſavine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the ſhade of your laurels.

Major. True; I have done with the Major, and now return to the magiſtrate; *Cedunt Arma Togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the ſervice of your country.

Major. True; man was not made for himſelf; and ſo, thinking that this would prove a buſy day in the juſticing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Major. I have brought, as I ſuppoſe moſt of our buſineſs will be in the battery way, ſome warrants and mittimuſes ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to ſave time.

Sir Jac. A provident magiſtrate.

Major. Pray, how ſhall we manage as to the article of ſwearing; for I reckon we ſhall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our buſineſs, to-day, I believe, the law muſt be ſuffer'd to ſleep.

Major. I ſhould think we might pick up ſomething that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor raſcals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the ſtocks, we ſhould never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Major. And ſwears as much as he uſed?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Major. You ſurpriſe me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they ſay his wife has made him a Methodiſt, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

Major. What a deal of miſchief thoſe raſcals do in the country—Why then we have entirely loſt him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him laſt week for a couple of baſtards.

Major. Well done, maſter Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob without, huzza!*

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter

Eenter Roger.

Rog. The electors deſire to know, if your worſhip has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I ſhan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worſhip has any objection to Criſpin Heel-tap, the Cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the raſcal can keep himſelf ſober: Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; ſtand father off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her huſband.

Major. Gad's ſo, you will permit me to convoy her in? [*Exit Major.*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingſgate-broker, as any in the bills of mortality. But the fiſh is got out of his element; the ſoldier has quite demoliſh'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak, *handed by the* Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profuſion of trouble; but by huſband is ſuch gooſe-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak—Your bleſſing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, your are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak. I ſay.

Enter Sneak, *with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal,* &c. &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay theſe things in the hall; and then go and look after the horſe: are you ſure you have got all the thing out of the chaiſe?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry *drops the things in ſearching his pocket for the Fan.*

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal ſee ſuch a—I declare, I am quite aſham'd to be ſeen with him broad: go, get you gone out of my ſight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to ſee you, ſon Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but juſt ſtep into the Alley to gather how tickets were ſold.

Sir Jac. Very well, ſon Sneak.

[*Exit Sneak.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty ſon you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the beſt: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married ſuch a one as your ſiſter; one houſe could never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. Sneak. Meek! a muſhroom! a milkſop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monſter. [*Exit Sir* Jac.

Mrs. Sneak. Monſter! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouſe: Had my kind ſtars indeed, allotted me a military man, I ſhould, doubtleſs, have deported myſelf in a beſeemingly manner.

Major. Unqueſtionably, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have diſhonoured his cloth.

Major. I ſhould have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all ſo brave; ſo polite; ſo every thing a woman can wiſh—

Major. Oh! Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; ſo genteel; ſo obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to ſay, madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no ſtranger to what I have miſs'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but ſhe has infinite merit. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a ſneaking ſlovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major. Melancholy!—

Mrs. Sneak. To be joſtled and cramm'd with the croud: no reſpect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the ſmoak of the city: no country jaunts but to Iſlington; no balls but at Pewterer's-hall.

Major. Intolerable!

Mrs. Sneak. I ſee, Sir, you have a proper ſenſe of my ſufferings.

Major. And would ſhed my beſt blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Major. The brave muſt favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Major. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Major. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Major. Juſt to raviſh a kiſs from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Courteous, condeſcending, complying—Hum—Ha!

Enter

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and ſiſter Bruin are juſt turning the corner; the Clapham ſtage was quite full, and ſo they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wiſh they had all been ſous'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

Major. Next time, I will clap a centinel to ſecure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dreſs demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyſhip's moſt entirely devoted.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyſhip! he is the very Broglio and Belliſle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your ſweet idera will be my conſtant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am ſorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major. Madam—

Mrs Sneak. Eſpecially with ſuch a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam—

Mrs.

Mrs. Sneak. But as ſoon as my dreſs is reſtor'd, I ſhall fly to relieve your diſtreſs.

Major. For that moment I ſhall wait with the greateſt impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu!

Major. Adieu! [*Exit Mrs.* Sneak.

Sneak. Notwithſtanding, Sir, all my chicken has ſaid, I am ſpecial company when ſhe is not by.

Major. I doubt not, maſter Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thurſday-night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet ſome roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honeſt Maſter Muzzle, the midwife—

Major. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then ſometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are ſo jolly and funny: I have learnt myſelf to ſing "An "old woman clothed in grey." But I durſt not ſing out loud, becauſe my wife would overhear me; and ſhe ſays as how I bawl worſer than the broom-man.

Major. And you muſt not think of diſobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major.

Major. That's right: ſhe is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power: and don't you think ſhe is very pretty withal?

Major. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap, you have known her ſome time?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before ſhe was married?

Major. I did, Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when ſhe was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kiſſing her hand; for we ben't quite ſo familiar as that—But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Major. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I ſuppoſe we ſhall come to it by degrees.

Bruin [*within*] Come along, Jane; why you are as purſy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin, *and* Wife; Bruin *with a cotton-cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fiſhing-rod.*

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you ſlut, how you have touſled the curls? Maſter Sneak, a good morning to you; Sir, I am your humble ſervant, unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to ſpeak with the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an inſtant; you can't think how impatient ſhe is.

[*Exit* Major.

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk acroſs the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck —

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, huſſy? If you had got up time enough, you might have ſecur'd the ſtage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed —

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my ſiſter a chay.

Bruin. And ſo he may; but I know better what to do with my money: indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to truſt my

concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray, who is more fitterer to be truſted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench in bewitch'd: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here — Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.— But firſt ſee if he has broke none of the pipes — And, d'ye hear, Jane, be ſure to lay the fiſhing-rod ſafe. [*Exit* Mrs. Bruin.

Sneak. Ods me, how finely ſhe's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think ſo? ſhe is a ſweet pretty Creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to ſay the truth, ſhe does now and then hector a little; and, between ourſelves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: why, ſhe allows me but two ſhillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis ſhe that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was ſtill a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would ſouſe them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durſt not—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; ſhe always helps me herſelf to the tough drumſticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of ſhoulders of mutton: I don't think I have eat a bit of under-cruſt ſince we have been married: you ſee, brother Bruin, I am almoſt as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An abſolute ſkeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would ſo ſwinge and leather my lambkin: God, I would ſo curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, ſhe richly deſerves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a ſpirit; and the firſt time ſhe offers to—

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, ſure as a gun that's her voice: look'ye, brother, I don't chuſe to breed a diſturbance in another body's houſe; but as ſoon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry! Jerry!—

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be ſure to ſtand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak.

Sneak. Well, if I don't — I wiſh —

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as faſt I can — Good Lord, what a ſad life do I lead!

[*Exit* Sneak.

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo: who can make a ſilk purſe of a ſow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, ſon Bruin, we are all ſeated at table, man; we have but juſt time for a ſnack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean ſpirited — Damn it, before I would ſubmit to ſuch a —

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be ſo cruſty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up — But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine — Jerry, Jerry — Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE Continues.

Sir JACOB, *Major* STURGEON, *Mr. and Mrs.* BRUIN, *Mr. and Mrs.* SNEAK, *diſcovered.*

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curioſity! Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's ſhow every year, can take any pleaſure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, theſe meetings are not amiſs; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in theſe piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, coſt me my popularity to quaſh it: the common people are as fond of their cuſtoms as the barons were of their *Magna Charta:* beſides, my tenants make ſome little advantage.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Criſpin Heel-tap, with the electors, are ſet out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir

Sir Jac. Gad ſo, then they will ſoon be upon us: come, good folks, the balcony will give us the beſt view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch raſcal.—

Sneak. And plays the beſt game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but —

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll ſend you home in an inſtant —

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with ſomething that will put you in mind of more important tranſactions.

Major. Perhaps ſo.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the ſame: for tho' art and education may diſguiſe or poliſh the manner, the ſame motives and ſprings are univerſally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæſar: let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the beſt wreſtler on the green.

Major.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told theſe things formerly; but ſince I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the claſſes.

Mob without huzza.

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of ſtingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger.

[*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Mob, *with* Heel-tap *at their head; ſome crying a* Gooſe; *others a* Mug; *others a* Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there; ſilence.

1*ſt*. *Mob*. Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2*d*. *Mob*, Ay, ay, hear Criſpin.

3*d*. *Mob*. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Criſpin: He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, ſilence, I ſay.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confuſion uſual upon theſe occaſions.

1*ſt Mob*. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace; what, is there no reſpect paid to authority: am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Choſen by yourſelves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be ſilent and civil: ſtand back there, that gentleman without a ſhirt, and make room for your betters: where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel-Tap. Let him come forward; we appoint him our ſecretary: for Simon is a ſcollard, and can read written hand; and ſo let him be reſpected accordingly.

3*d. Mob.* Room for Maſter Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, ſtand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but firſt, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak How fares, it honeſt Criſpin?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Maſter Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I ſhall do briefly, with all the loquacity poſſible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the ſecretary read the names of the candidates,

and what they ſay for themſelves; and then we ſhall know what to ſay of them: Maſter Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. "To the worthy inhabitants of "the ancient corporation of Garratt: Gen- "tlemen, your votes and intereſt are hum- "bly requeſted in favour of Timothy "Gooſe, to ſucceed your late worthy "mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the "ſaid office, he being—

Heel-Tap. This Gooſe is but a kind of Goſling, a ſort of ſneaking ſcoundrel: who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor! A raſcal, has he the impudence to tranſpire to be mayor? D'ye conſider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this croſs legg'd cabbage-eating ſon of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has ſtrength to ſupport it?

1ſt Mob. No Gooſe! no Gooſe!

2d Mob. A Gooſe!

Heel-Tap. Hold your hiſſing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. "Your votes are deſired for Mat- "thew Mug."

1ſt Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and ſoft, good neighbours, let us taſte this Maſter Mug, before we ſwallow him; and, unleſs I am miſtaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1ſt Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Maſter Heel-Tap?

1ſt Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me aſk you a queſtion: bring him forward; pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the ſign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now anſwer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the preſent price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, ſirrah: an't it a groat?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be ſo: now, neighbours, here's a pretty raſcal; this ſame Mug, becauſe, d'ye ſee, ſtate-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this ſcoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raiſe it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I ſhould crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the liſt is Peter Primmer, the ſchool-maſter.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a ſufficient man: let me tell you, Maſter Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wiſe enough to puzzle the parſon: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Ruſſia and Pruſſia: Ecod, George Gage the exciſeman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all ſtateſmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he ſwears as how all the miſcarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, ſays Peter, ſays he, if they would but once ſubmit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might riſe.

1ſt Mob. Ay, I wiſh they would.

Sneak. Criſpin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-

Heel-Tap. He is, Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well my mother: why, I uſed to go to his lectures to Pewterer's-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. [*Exit* Sneak.

Mob without huzza!

Heel-Tap. Gadſo! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours range yourſelves to the right and left, that you may be canvaſs'd in order: let us ſee who comes firſt?

1ſt Mob. Maſter Mug.

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Maſter Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the loweſt of your ſlaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, have the honour of kiſſing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1ſt Mob. He is dead.

Mug.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wiſhes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honeſt Dick Bennet.

3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right it is ſo; and how fares it with good Maſter Gubbins?

3d Mob. Pretty tight, Maſter Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th Mob. Hark'ye, Maſter Mug.

Mug. Your pleaſure, my very dear friend?

4th Mob. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right, ſhe is a prodigious promiſing girl.

4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug. True, a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none ſuch a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's ſervice, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fix'd; it is ſettled.

4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He muſt go in a fortnight at fartheſt.

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodiſh birth, Maſter Mug?

Mug.

Mug. The beſt in the world; head-butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; ſhe has routs on Tueſdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dreſſes his miſtreſs's hair.

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dreſſing of horſes.

Mug. True, but he is ſuffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be ſo.

Mug. It is ſo. Hark'ye, dear Heel-Trap, who is this fellow, I ſhould remember his face?

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profeſs.

Heel-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well ſaid Maſter Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to ſay to the corporation?

Mug. Gentleman of the corporation of Garratt.

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muſcles about.

Mug. The honour I this day ſolicit, will be to me the moſt honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, ſhould I ſucceed, you, gentlemen may depend on my uſing my utmoſt endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpoſe, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will moſt principally tend. Garratt, it muſt be own'd is an inland town, and has not, like Wandſworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, induſtry may ſupply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed at preſent your ſtaple commodities; but why ſhould not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to adviſe, I ſhould recommend the opening a new branch of trade; ſparagraſs, gentlemen, the manufacturing of ſparagraſs: Batterſea, I own, gentlemen, bears at preſent the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourſelves, gentlemen; let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural ſtrength, and I will take upon me to ſay, that a hundred of graſs from the corporation of Garratt, will in a ſhort time, at the London market, be held at leaſt as an equivalent to a Batterſea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-

Heel-tap. Damn the Fellow, what a tongue he has! God, I muſt ſtep in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Maſter Mug?

Mug. Your pleaſure, my very good friend?

Heel-Tap. No flummering me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Criſpin; you and your friends ſhall have it at three pence.

Heel-Tap. What, ſirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you ſcoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen——

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if ſo be as how I would be conſenting to impoſe upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug Neighbours, friends——

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the firſt borough that ever was loſt, by the returning-offier's refuſe a bribe. [*Exit* Mug.

2*d Mob.* Let us go and pull down his ſign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit* Heel-Tap, *and* Mob.

Sir Jacob, Bruin, *and Wife, come from the balcony.*

Sir Jac. Well, ſon Bruin, how d'ye reliſh the Corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to ſpeak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why I was never over-fond of your May-games; beſides, corporations are too ſerious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I proteſt, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are eaſily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it ſo well, that I hope to ſee one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the laſt you ſhall ſee.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be ſuch a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin.

Bruin. What, I ſuppoſe you would have me ſuch a ſniveling ſot as your ſon-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to —

Enter Sneak, *in a violent hurry.*

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have ſuch a diſmal ſtory to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as ſharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I ſee: at laſt, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the ſummer-houſe.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whiſpers*] as ſure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durſt not: what, would you have me ſet my wit to a ſoldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could ſee they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You ſee, Sir Jacob, theſe are the fruits of indul-

dulgence; you may call me bear, but your daughter ſhall never make me a beaſt.

Mob huzzas.

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What is the election over already?

Enter Criſpin, *&c.*

Heel-Tap. Where is maſter Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Criſpin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in conſideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of reſpect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimouſly choſen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how come Maſter Primmer to loſe it?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Maſter Primmer was an Iriſhman; and ſo they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you ſhall ſee how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; ſhe ſhan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promiſe to ſtand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when ſhe will.

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, ſhe is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, ſot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant: I don't chuſe to truſt my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I pleaſe, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is ſurely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you ſhall know to your coſt; and ſince you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the huſband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you ſhan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I pleaſe, and ſtay out as late as I liſt, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and viſit my friends

friends at Vitſontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myſelf at table to vhat vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me; ſhall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you ſee ſhe is ſtruck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyſter: beſides, madam, I have ſomething furder to tell you: ecod, if ſome folks go into gardens with Majors; mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I? vhy my viſe, and I am your maſter.

Mrs. Sneak. My maſter! you paltry, puddling puppy; you ſneaking, ſhabby, ſcrubby, ſnivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, ſirrah, demean'd myſelf to wed ſuch a thing, ſuch a reptile as thee! Have I not made myſelf a bye-word to all my acquaintance! don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it! Miſs Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at laſt with ſuch a noodle as he!

Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know, you was pretty near your laſt legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever ſuch a confident cur? My laſt legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I refuſe 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counſellor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I ſhould keep my poſt-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, ſhe has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My laſt legs!—but I can rein my paſſion no longer: let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, ſiſter Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her faſt.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have ſtirred up theſe coals then; he is ſet on by you to abuſe me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! ſuch a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wiſh people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with mat-

matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I ſhall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what ſhall I do when ſhe has me at home, and nobody by but ourſelves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look'ye, Maſter Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may ſuit with a citizen, but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but theſe things are out of your ſpear; points of honour are for the ſons of the ſword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curſe of our cloth: all ſuſpected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reaſon; I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaining about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major.

Major. Stop whilſt you are ſafe Maſter Sneak; for the ſake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is paſt—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and ſharps, becauſe why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts.

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets! Bagſhot!

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! oh, riſk not ſo precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his ſouſings, his ſweatings, his ſwimmings; muſt his dear blood be ſpilt by a broker!

Major. Be ſatisfy'd, ſweet Mrs. Sneak; theſe little fracaſes we ſoldiers are ſubject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd againſt his dear——A man yes, a very manly action indeed, to ſet married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between huſband and wife; if you

were a man, you would not ſtand by and ſee a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have ſet her a veeping: my life, my lovy, don't veep: did I ever think I ſhould have made my Molly to veep!

Mrs. Sneak. Laſt legs! you lubberly— [*Strikes him.*

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd againſt me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expoſe yourſelf before the whole pariſh: but what has been the occaſion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himſelf the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why ſhould you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear ſuch an oaff? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goeſt: look'ye, Jerry, mind what I ſay; go, get 'em to choſe ſomebody elſe, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What ſhall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too ſerious a light; my honeſt neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll ſettle the buſineſs at once.

Neigh-

Neighbours, my ſon Sneak being ſeldom amongſt us, the duty will never be done, ſo we will get our honeſt friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Maſter Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens.*

Sneak. Do, Criſpin; do be my *Locum Tenens.*

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Maſter Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *Locum Tenens.*

Sir Jac. So, that is ſettled; but now to heal the other breach: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth ſeldom bear malice; let me interpoſe between you and my ſon.

Major. Your ſon-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deſerve a caſtigation; but, on recollection, a cit would but ſully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feaſt, let us call in the fiddles: now if the Major had but his ſhoes, he might join in a country dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no ſhoes, a Major muſt be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me light-ſome enough.

Sneak. What are all the vomen engaged? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jigg together. Forget and forgive, Major

Major. Freely.

Nor be it ſaid, that after all my toil,
I ſtain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, ſword, and ſhield,
Sir Jac. As harmleſs in the chamber as the field.

THE END.

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